ISSUE EIGHTY-NINE UK: £2.50(rec) US: $5.50 Canada: $6.50

DOCTOR WHO IN-VISION

THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD

PARTS THIRTEEN – FOURTEEN

THE ULTIMATE FOE

THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES

Wallbank

CMS

THE STORM raged on, hurling spears of electricity across the blood-red sky. Intermittently, a bolt would stab down into the ground to destroy a section of the landscape.

The hermit didn't flinch. He never even looked. He sat quietly on the mountainside, his arms wrapped around his knees, and he stared up into the turbulent heavens. His expression was sombre. The air here was cold, as it always was, but the atmosphere was also charged, and the hairs on his neck were prickling.

He ought to have been afraid, but there was nothing left to be afraid of. The hermit's worst fear had been realised. He could do nothing now but face his fate with sad, weary resignation. After all this time, all his struggles, all his master plans and schemes, to be defeated like this. To be laid low by his own actions.

This was all his fault. He had walked into the enemy's trap. It had been so obvious. He ought to have seen it, even then. Right at the start. At the trial. The others still fought it: the ferryman, the librarian, even the one whom the hermit had once thought weak and indecisive, whom he had crucified on the cross of his own self-importance. His own self-delusion. They had asked the hermit to stand with them. They had made the three-day trek to this retreat of his to beg for his help; for the aid of the one they had once cast out.

He had refused it. Sympathetic as he was to their cause, he had already known that it was a hopeless one. It was too late. The damage had already been done. He remembered the trial, although the memories were somehow detached, as if they belonged to somebody else. It was the trial that had first shown the hermit the shadow on his future; the spectre that fed on each callous act, each arrogant outburst, each loss of control. He had had to come forward then. He had had to take control himself. For his own good. For the good of all his selves. For the good of everybody.

The struggle was all but over. The others had fought to keep the barrier up, to prevent the enemy's escape from the prison that the hermit had created for him. The man he had once been, transformed now into the man he could still become, for all his desperate efforts. The future he had feared so much. Their defeat had been inevitable.

Now they fought, instead, to drag the enemy down, to keep him from the surface, from breaking through into the real world. They wouldn't give up. The hermit admired that. He admired their optimism, their spirit. It made him mourn for all that he had apparently lost. His enemy had all but told him his plan. Why hadn't he listened? Why hadn't he understood? When had he lost sight of the little picture?

He had taken charge of his destiny, plotted his own course, planned ahead, refused to leave the future to chance. Refused to allow for the possibility that it could all go wrong. He had sacrificed his friends, his principles, even parts of himself, in the name of some greater good. His greater good. The universe that he allowed to exist. He had thought himself Time's Champion, but whose time had he championed? He had been more arrogant than even his predecessor had ever been. And with each sacrifice, each pleading voice to which he had hardened his heart, the shadow inside him had darkened and lengthened and grown stronger.

To the hermit, nothing else had mattered. He had been determined to deny the spectre, whatever the cost to himself and to others. He had been fighting his own future. And that was precisely what had brought that future about. A cruel self-fulfilling prophecy. A sequence of events that the spectre had set into motion simply by showing itself. The sky grew dark and silent, at last, and the hermit closed his eyes and bowed his head in despair and shame. The battle was lost. The enemy had seized his prize. He was out there now, beyond the hermit's reach. Beyond the reach of any of them. He had taken control.

The hermit remembered the trial. He remembered what the enemy — the dark side of his psyche, then no more than a chilling possibility — had told him. His one stated objective. The Valeyard had wanted the Doctor's remaining lives. Now he had them.

Steve Lyons

IN-VISION

The Trial of a Time Lord: The Ultimate Foe

ISBN: 0953-3303
Issue 89
First published April 2000

Editor: Anthony Brown
Publisher: Jeremy Bentham

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Format: Justin Richards, Peter Anghelides, June 1986
Doctor Who © BBC Television 1986,1999

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Origination: GLA Productions
Colour, printers: S&B Print
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Subscriptions:
8 issues for £23.50 (UK only; add £3.00 for mailing in card envelopes); USA/Canada £32/$48; Australasia £38.
Subscription Address:
Cheques payable to:
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13 Northfield Road
Borehamwood, Herts
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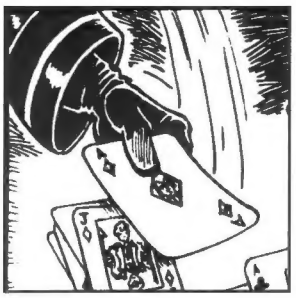


ORIGINS

So what was it all about? Down the years almost every reviewer, when asked to pass judgement on the whole of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD, has commented adversely on this 14-part story's lack of a solid, binding framework.

Each of the three 'evidence segments' has found both fans and detractors. Yet while the final episodes have won praise for the atmosphere and pace of the Matrix run-around in part fourteen, a revelation to shake the series in the form of the Valeyard's true identity, and the final demonstration of the late Robert Holmes's talent in episode thirteen, few critics have felt them to be an adequate conclusion to the saga.

As with the final episode of ITC's **The Prisoner**, patient viewers tuning in seeking explanations for past episodes found, instead, only more questions. Diane McGinn's review for ***DWB*** 115 summarised the majority of fan feedback perfectly when she wrote, "The trial ends in confusion, with a plethora of different schemes and explanations fighting each other in such a way that the viewer is left with no idea what was really going on". But then, neither did the **Doctor Who** office.

As recounted in **IN-VISION** 88: TERROR OF THE VERVOIDS, the production of serial 7C came at the conclusion of a period of unparalleled turbulence for the programme. Cancellation had been followed by a reprieve, but only while the grand jury considered its final verdict. The outpourings of public protest had genuinely surprised the BBC's management, and while it made economic sense to axe an expensive programme that was no longer pulling the audiences it had back reached in the Seventies, its adequate Eighties ratings and overseas sales, coupled with an obvious place in the license-payers' affections, convinced Michael Grade and Jonathan Powell to continue **Doctor Who**. But only so long as it continued to pull its weight.

THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD was the big audience-grabbing idea with which producer John Nathan-Turner hoped to achieve that. All the evidence suggests Nathan-Turner and Saward had determined the basic shape of the Trial story when they called together the posse of writers who met at the **Doctor Who** office on 9 July 1985. What they didn't know was how their 14-part saga would end. That was where the two men expected input from the writers.

According to some accounts Eric Saward initially asked Robert Holmes to write the final six episodes of the season. Holmes declined, expressing his personal belief that six part serials rarely worked on **Doctor Who**; at best you got a solid four part serial with two linked episodes tagged on at the end or the beginning.

Saward compromised by offering him the same six episode deal, but split as Holmes had described; a four part establishing story for the Trial and a two part wrap-up that would pull together any loose ends from both his own four-parter, and those of the other writers involved. To this Holmes agreed, but it was pointed out there would be little point in starting on episodes thirteen and fourteen until scripts from episodes five to twelve were in and approved. How could he resolve all the outstanding issues until he knew what those issues were going to be?

SCRIPT

Robert Holmes delivered his scripts for segment one, THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET, around the beginning of November 1985. Thereafter, apart from the occasional social gathering, he and Saward hardly discussed the Trial story until the end of January 1986, by when Philip Martin's contribution was coming together.

By this point things were just starting to get fraught. Numerous scripts for episodes nine to twelve had fallen through, and it was unclear whether any of those still in the pipeline would prove acceptable (see **IN-VISION 88** for more details). Nathan-Turner was absent from the office a lot of the time directing his Christmas pantomime, and Saward was unhappy at the prospect of Bonnie Langford being cast as the new companion.

Nevertheless Saward was always glad of any excuse to meet with Holmes and together they began mapping out parts thirteen and fourteen. Because of the problems with story three it was decided they would look only to resolve issues from stories one and two; the secret tapes Drathro was guarding, and the Time Lords' blatant interference in the affairs of Thoros Beta. But how to wrap it all up…

"Bob and I had discussed the last two episodes of the trial. We had agreed that we were going to have a negative ending to the season; like Sherlock Holmes and Moriarty going over the falls. The Doctor and the Master would be locked in mortal combat and we'd go out with this question mark hanging over the season. John was told and he said, "All right, go ahead and write it and see how it works." But it was never written because Bob became ill."

Eric Saward, *DWB* 57, August 1988

Holmes received his commission to write a plot breakdown on 4 February 1986, but he had barely begun his outlines for this latest Doctor/Master tussle when another crisis hit.

On 24 February Jonathan Powell wrote a scathing memo to the **Doctor Who** production office criticising the standard of Holmes' work on THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET and demanding urgent action to rectify the situation before the start of O.B recording.

Reportedly Saward and Holmes were devastated by this stinging criticism, and anecdotal evidence has suggested Holmes' ensuing state of depression contributed to the sharp decline in his health that became evident as March rolled into April and May.

"He [Holmes] was very run down and had suffered a major blow to his pride from Jonathan Powell asking for rewrites on the first four episodes. It may sound silly that a professional writer's pride could be so easily hurt, but in his time he had edited the best three seasons the show had ever seen, and written, or re-written, many of the best scripts. He knew more about what made **Doctor Who** work than almost anyone. I knew those episodes worked well. Bob knew they worked well."

Eric Saward, *DWB* 57, August 1988

With the Director joining date for THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET almost upon them, Saward and Holmes urgently switched over to reworking the season's four-part opening script. Eventually a new draft was submitted to Powell and approved, but the result was a further delay to work on episodes thirteen and fourteen.

SCRIPT-EDITING

Saward took up the script for part thirteen more or less from where Holmes had left it, with the Doctor navigating his way through the Matrix. One change he did make was to make the Valeyard rather than the Master the primary baddie. The Master thus became an opportunist who would benefit from seeing either or both protagonists destroyed, rather than the mastermind whose machinations had set the entire Ravalox affair and hence the Doctor's trial in progress. To make this work, Saward found he needed another character who could not be the Master in disguise. And so the character of Mr Popplewick was born. In the script, Saward described him thus;

"Seated on the stool is Mr Popplewick, a thin, angular man in his mid-forties. Everything about him is sour – including his breath. He is dressed in late Victorian clerk's attire and is writing with a squeaky, scratchy steel-nibbed pen..."

Another character Saward appearing in the drama was Sabalom Glitz. Tony Selby's take on an Arthur Daley-style entrepreneur had scored such a hit with John Nathan-Turner that he had asked Selby if he would commit to being available in July for a rematch during production of THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET segment. When Selby said yes the Producer asked specifically for him to be written into episodes thirteen and fourteen.

A script for part thirteen – otherwise listed as part five of *The Ultimate Foe* – was ready by the end of the first week in June. Saward was happy that it should retain Robert Holmes' name as writer, but asked that he be listed as author of part fourteen. As Saward was now technically freelance, this was permitted.

Working against the clock Saward delivered his script around the middle of June. Acting in the capacity of series Script-Editor now, John Nathan-Turner read it and immediately disagreed about the downbeat ending. Worried that any ending which hinted at the Doctor facing death might be used as a pretext to permanently axe the show, he asked for a more uplifting ending alongside other tweaks to the narrative. Saward obliged – for the most part. But he refused to change to the cliff-hanger ending, which had always been the core of Holmes' outline. A row ensued which culminated in Saward withdrawing rights for the BBC to use his script or the ideas contained therein.

"Saward obliged, but refused to change the cliff-hanger ending. After a row, he withdrew rights for the BBC to use his script or the ideas contained therein."

Holmes commenced work in April on the script phase of his two-parter, to which he gave a working title of *Time Inc.*, perhaps as a comment on its late start. But his health was not good. A long-standing liver complaint was causing him periodic bouts of severe pain, and there were many days when he was incapable of working. He was admitted to hospital in mid-May, where he was diagnosed as suffering from Hepatitis B, and it was there that he died on 24 May 1986.

The news of Robert Holmes' death hit Eric Saward hard, as he'd come to admire the man both as a friend and as a writer of immense stature. Holmes' illness, together with all the other pressures and frustrations of this season, had driven Saward to despair. By the end of May Saward himself had, reportedly, delivered his notice on one occasion, only it find it had been ignored in the hope that he could be persuaded to stay once his despair had waned. Certainly, he'd become detached and inaccessible, spending ever longer periods away from his desk, and was paying little attention to the Vervoid scripts recently received from Pip and Jane Baker.

Nevertheless Saward's loyalty to Robert Holmes prompted him to say yes when John Nathan-Turner asked if he would complete the work Holmes had started. The one condition Saward stipulated was that he would only work from the outline that Holmes had already developed.

"I had ten days and a couple of packets of photographs of locations planned for part thirteen and Saward's part fourteen. I called in Pip and Jane Baker, who are intensely professional, and they immediately agreed to tackle the problem. I insisted that the entire briefing session was witnessed and minuted so that no-one could say that the new writers had been passed information about what had been planned or written before... Their script was delivered soon after, and the ideas others had found difficult were successfully incorporated. One person was very unhappy, though – James Bree. His very good part as the Keeper of the Matrix in the previous part fourteen had virtually disappeared in the Pip and Jane version."

John Nathan-Turner, *DWM 245*, November 1996

This turn of events posed a severe dilemma for Nathan-Turner. Serial 7C had been structured as a six-part serial with three recording blocks and a fortnight's worth of exterior shooting. The Vervoid segments would occupy most of the studio sessions, leaving most of episodes thirteen and fourteen to be done on location.

"DOCTOR WHO"
SERIAL 7C
EPISODE 14 (7C:Ep5): "THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD"
by
Eric Saward
13 INT. TRIAL ROOM.
(AS BEFORE)
SUDDENLY THE SCREEN FLICKERS INTO LIFE AND WE SEE THE
MASTER:
INQUISITOR:
KEEPER: (VOICE)
VALEYARD:
MASTER:
MELANIE:
KEEPER:
14 INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.
(THE ROOM HAS BECOME MORE REINFORCED. THE ROAR EVEN LOUDER.)
THE DOCTOR REACHES THE VALEYARD, GRABS HIM AND PUSHES HIM TOWARDS THE OPEN VENT.
THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS, LOCKS HIS ARMS AROUND THE VALEYARD AND THE VALEYARD AND THE STRUGGLE.
SUDDENLY, THE DUO ARE ON THE EDGE OF THE VENT STILL FIGHTING.
A MOMENT LATER THEY HAVE FALLEN IN!
23 INT. TIME VENT.
(THE DOCTOR AND THE VALEYARD FALLING AND TUMBLING AS BEFORE)
INQUISITOR: (V.O.)
MELANIE: (V.O.)
KEEPER: (V.O.)
MELANIE: (V.O.)
KEEPER: (V.O.)

The big headache was BBC standard practice of shooting location scenes before the studio interiors. Like it or not, location material for *The Ultimate Foe* would shoot first, commencing 23 June. And there was less than a fortnight to go…

Rehearsals for serial 7C were already going on using the first draft of Saward's part fourteen when, abruptly, all copies had to be collected up and shredded. The rehearsal schedule was consequently thrown out of kilter, leaving Director Chris Clough no other option than to concentrate on other scenes while they waited for the Bakers to deliver replacement material. The Bakers themselves had to fashion an ending from their own interpretation of the previous scripts, without any indication of hidden significances Holmes and Saward might have had in mind. Even if Nathan-Turner had known their plans, he was legally forbidden from passing them on to the Bakers, with the BBC's legal department being on hand to ensure that there was no possibility of the bad atmosphere surrounding Saward's departure developing into an even more embarrassing copyright dispute.

The Bakers' replacement script arrived after three working days, leaving just enough time in which to edit and rehearse all the dialogue. The first run-through gave immediate cause for anxiety. The episode timed out at 38 minutes, nearly a quarter of an hour longer than a standard **Doctor Who** episode. Seated in a room at the Acton rehearsal room Nathan-Turner, Clough and the Bakers went through the script ruthlessly pruning out whatever they could. The major cuts were sequences of witty repartee, mainly between Glitz and his employer the Master, but even with these exchanges deleted there was still a good half hour's worth of material still present, and all of it was crucial to wrapping up this fourteen part serial in the manner the Bakers had decided.

Leaving Chris Clough to continue rehearsing with the actors, John Nathan-Turner returned to Television Centre to seek a meeting with his boss, Jonathan Powell, and argue the case for an unprecedented solution to his problem …

DIRECTOR AND TEAM

Interviewed for ***Doctor Who*** *Magazine* in 1995, Director Chris Clough described his first experience of handling a **Doctor Who** production as, "not like anything else I've ever worked on". It could also be said that it was like nothing any other director had encountered, even when Gerald Blake and Michael Hayes were forced to rely on the last minute offerings of 'David Agnew' during Graham Williams' tenure. He came in to a serial divided into almost two separate entities, with the first segment due into production not even equipped with a full set of scripts.

Professing not to have been involved with any of the background surrounding Eric Saward's resignation, he, like the rest of his creative team – not to mention the cast, – did get to see the original episode fourteen script before it was withdrawn. Taking his cue from its content, Clough briefed his production assistants to scout out suitable locations for the Fantasy Factory, a structure that was described as being part way between a Dickensian workhouse and a Victorian engineering factory. His initial idea was to find something like a cooling tower so the crew could shoot on circular walkways and stairwells, as described in Saward's script.

After Saward withdrew rights for the BBC to use his script, Clough got involved in the process of reviewing and editing its replacement by the Bakers. His prime concern was to ensure they followed his brief of only using locations already established in part thirteen; the beach and the Fantasy Factory.

Geoffrey Hughes

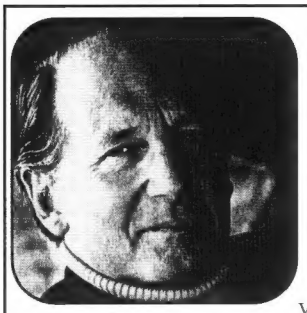
Born in Liverpool on February 2nd 1944, one of Geoffrey Hughes' most successful roles was also one of his most anonymous - providing the voice of Paul McCartney for The Beatles film *Yellow Submarine*.

After attending Newcastle University, Hughes began his career with a stint at the Victoria Theatre in Stoke-on-Trent, close to the locations of his only **Doctor Who** appearance. Later stage work includes *Maggie May, Dead of the Night*, and West End runs in *Say Goodnight to Grandma* and Ray Cooney farces including *Run for Your Wife*. TV roles in **Z-Cars** and **The Likely Lads** during the 1960s led on to his **Coronation Street** part as bin-man Eddie Yeates. Since the production of *The Ultimate Foe*, Hughes has been best known as the slobbish Onslow in the sit-com **Keeping Up Appearances**, complete with fake tattoos.

A keen cricketer, sailer and musician, Hughes is left-handed, and lives in Northamptonshire with his wife Susan.

The Smiths (Dooley) 1995
Keeping Up Appearances (Onslow) 1990-...
Needle TVM
You Rang M'Lord
Spender
Making Out (Dilk)
The Upper Hand (Ray) E2 Misery
The Flying Lady
Boon (Tiny Tim) G6 Message In A Bottle
The Man From the PRU (Detective Sergeant Baily) 1989
The Bright Side (Mr. Lithgow) 1985
Nijinsky (Gavrilov) 1980
Mr Big
Confessions of a Driving Instructor (Postman) 1976
Don't Drink the Water
No Honestly
An Arrow for Audrey
Coronation Street (Eddie Yeates) 1975-1985
Shadows of Fear
Play for Today: *The Pigeon Fancier* 9/12/71
Tiffany Jones (Georg) 1973
Adolf Hitler - My Part in His Downfall (Larry) 1972
Carry On at Your Convenience (Willie) 1971
Inn of the Frightened People (Brewery Driver) 1971
Revenge 1971
The Mind of JG Reeder
Hogg's Back
Curry & Chips (Dick) 1969
The Man Who Had Power Over Women
Till Death Us Do Part 1969
The Virgin Soldiers (Lantry 1969
Yellow Submarine (voice of Paul) 1968

The Bofors Gun (Cook Private Samuel) 1968
The Upper Hand (Ray) E2 Misery 9/16/1993
Boon (Tiny Tim) G6 Message In A Bottle 10/13/1992
The Likely Lads (pdge) Love and Marriage
Z-Cars
Smashing Time 1967



James Bree

Best known to **Doctor Who** fans for his previous appearances as the reluctant Chief Decider Nefred in Full Circle and the scheming Security Chief in the 1969 epic The War Games, James Bree notched up a more unusual telefantasy role in the **Ace of Wands** serial Sisters Deadly.

Nominally cast as The Major, Bree actually played most of his role in drag, as his character poses as the leader of a group of old ladies scheming to kidnap the Commander in Chief of the British Army.

Frequently cast as an authority figure in Victorian dramas, James Bree became a regular guest at **Who** conventions during the 1990s, and despite recent ill-health once again played a Time Lord as the Counsel for the Defence in the Reeltime video *Lust in Space*.

Lust in Space (Counsel for the Defence) 1998
Galton and Simpson's... (Man) A5 The Missing Page
Anna Lee (Mr. Lambda) A4 Diversion
Just a Gigolo (Dole clerk) A2 1993
Sherlock Holmes and the Leading Lady (Franz Dietrich) TVM 1990
Without a Clue (Barrister) 1988
The Return of Sherlock Holmes (Coroner) 1986
A Little Princess (Doctor) 1986
Galloping Galaxies! (Dinwiddy Snurdle) 1984
The Jewel in the Crown (Colonel Grace) 1984
The Professionals (Grant) B4 Man Without A Past
The Sweeney (Saxby) D6 Money, Money, Money
The Odd Job (Mr. Kemp) 1978
I, Claudius (Montanus) 1976
Shoulder to Shoulder(Medical Officer 2, Walton) 1974
The Persuaders! (Bill Wilton) 11 Chain of Events
Upstairs, Downstairs (Sir Adam) A Suitable Marriage
Ace of Wands Sisters Deadly
Doctor Who Full Circle, The War Games
On Her Majesty's Secret Service (Gumboldt) 1969
The Avengers G17 Killer
The Prisoner (Villiers) Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darling
R3 (Professor Chernev) A7 The Forum
Edgar Wallace Mysteries: *Who Was Maddox?* (Reynolds)
A Matter of Choice (Alfred) 1963
Never Let Go (Orders Clerk) 1960
Just My Luck (Ford) 1957

The Set Designer appointed to serial 7C was Dinah Walker, but due to the earlier restructuring of this serial from a four parter to, effectively, a six parter (see **IN-VISION 88**), she found she was unable to give full support to the first third of production. By agreement, her assistant Michael Trevor, was allowed to step up and handle episodes thirteen and fourteen. It was not that radical a decision. Virtually all of the interior sets existed already, so most of the effort would be in finding and equipping the chosen locations with suitable props and dressings – a role traditionally given to Set Design assistants. As a learning experience, though, Trevor was expected to carry out some creative design duties.

7C's shift from a four parter to a six parter also affected the rosters for music and video effects. Malcolm Clarke was booked for 7C but he too was available only for four weeks' worth of work on the project. With no-one else free within the Radiophonic Workshop, John Nathan-Turner turned again to Dominic Glynn, the freelancer who had impressed him with his reworking of the main theme and incidental tracks for The Mysterious Planet.

Electronic Effects Designer Danny Popkin was also only free for the Vervoid segment, so his place at the studio session for episodes thirteen and fourteen was taken by **Who** veteran Dave Chapman. Popkin was still booked to handle all the post-production gallery days on 7C, so Nathan-Turner agreed to them having a joint on-screen credit for the two concluding episodes.

The remaining creatives, Andrew Rose for Costume, Shaunna Harrison for Make-Up and Kevin Molloy for Visual Effects, were the same as for the Vervoid episodes (see **IN-VISION 88**).

On the casting side, Chris Clough had little to do for episodes thirteen and fourteen. The Trial regulars Lynda Bellingham and Michael Jayston were still in attendance, Anthony Ainley was back in his familiar black garb, and so too was Tony Selby, reprising his popular role as Sabalom Glitz. Neither was Clough consulted about the appointment of Bonnie Langford as Mel, a casting choice he had misgivings about.

"Bonnie's got a lot of things going for her, but I don't think casting her fitted the show at that particular time. It sent out the wrong signals. She was very nervous. It's very difficult for any actor to come onto an on-going show, and she hadn't done a lot of straight drama although she's a very good, professional actress. The character was also not very well defined, so everyone was writing to their perception of Bonnie Langford. She screamed about twenty times, and at several decibels!"
Chris Clough, *DWM 231*, October 1995

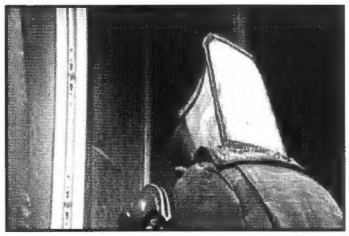
The casting of Mr Popplewick originally called for a thin, gaunt looking actor to run with the austere, Dickensian feel of the Fantasy Factory, but after several fruitless goes at finding someone suitable, Chris Clough changed tack. Selecting another Dickensian stereotype he sought to find a rotund, Mr Bumble type and was rewarded with Geoffrey Hughes. Reportedly Hughes was delighted to accept the part as it helped to break links to the character of bin-man Eddie Yeates, a role he had just left after many years in the hugely popular soap, **Coronation Street.**

The one other actor booked solely for these two episodes was James Bree, a veteran character performer with two previous **Doctor Who** appearances to his name.

COSTUME

Compared to his workload for the Vervoid segment, the list of Andrew Rose's costume requirements for The Ultimate Foe was minimal indeed. The Trial room regulars and extras were all givens, as were Glitz, the Master and the Doctor. Even the cat badge worn by the Doctor was a personal indulgence on Colin Baker's behalf; being a representation of his own cats, Eric and Weeble, sculpted and cast by Maggie Howard of 'Maggie's Moggies'...

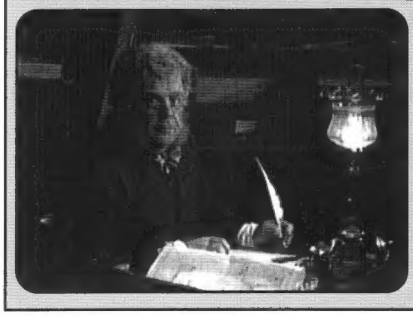
Bonnie Langford's debut costume was a simple blue cat suit that fitted tight around her hips and legs but was baggier around her chest and arms. The blue belt she wore matched her high-heeled boots. For her early studio scenes she would also wear a baggy blue cardigan.



MAKE-UP

To emphasise that Mel as seen at the trial was supposedly a few years older than the version seen during the Vervoid story, Shaunna Harrison pulled Bonnie Langford's naturally curly mane of hair back and pinned it into a tight bun to make it appear much shorter. Due to its thick, bushy nature a lot of hair clips were needed to achieve this.

The Valeyard too lost his distinctive headpiece. After disappearing into the Matrix his black skullcap likewise vanished, revealing dark, slicked-back hair. The Master likewise retained his trademark dark wig, while Glitz again sported his beard, made distinctive by a pattern of horizontal cuts just below the cheek bones.



As well as their clothes the two Mr Popplewicks were made distinguishable by their hair and sideburns. Mr Popplewick junior's were curly but short – being Geoffrey Hughes' own hair – and his sideburns were little more than hairy whiskers. His elder counterpart had far bushier sideburns that extended further down towards the chin. Similarly his wig was thicker, much curlier and a little greyer.

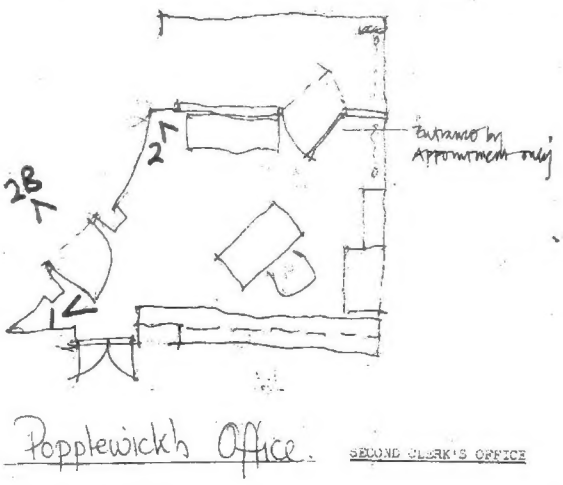
Shaunna Harrison's biggest challenge was the Popplewick mask the Doctor would pull from his face in episode fourteen, revealing the Valeyard's features underneath. While only on screen for a few seconds the mask had to be an acceptable duplication of Geoffrey Hughes' features to keep the audience fooled until the moment of revelation. Accordingly, Hughes was brought into Make-up ahead of production to have a face cast taken. From this cast a mould was made which, in turn, was used to cast several masks. For once foam rubber was eschewed in favour of traditional latex. This was because the masks had to be resilient enough to survive being pulled away from Michael Jayston's face in one go. Had too soft a foam been used, it is likely the mask would have ripped as it was being yanked away. Lastly, wigs to match Hughes' hair were sewn onto each of the masks. At this stage Harrison was not bothered about fine texturing and colouring the masks. That would be left until the live take and the masks were tacked into place on Jayston's face.

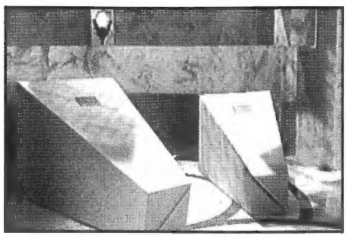
The two Mr Popplewicks were accoutred in the formal style befitting a Victorian solicitor's clerk. Both wore a grey three-piece morning suit surmounted by a wipe-lapel frock coat. The wing-collared shirt of the younger Mr Popplewick was personalised by the addition of a thin purple cravat, while the senior Mr Popplewick was distinguished by a richer, silver-grey cravat, plus a pair of rimless half-moon spectacles. A late addition was the special 'rip-away' suit that Michael Jayston would need to wear in the final part fourteen as the Doctor realises that Popplewick and the Valeyard are one and the same (which was not initially the case). Andrew Rose commissioned the tailoring of a cut-down version of Popplewick senior's suit (i.e: minus lining and much in the way of stitching) with Velcro seaming along any of the points designed to rip as the Doctor pulled the suit away to reveal the Valeyard's gown underneath.

The only costume specially tailored for this show was that worn by The Keeper. Slightly more ornate than standard Time Lord formal-wear, the basis was a floor-length golden gown. To go over this Andrew Rose designed a brown robe cut from curtain fabric and lined to give it weight. A hexagonal brown-leather collar that ran horizontally across the Keeper's chest anchored the robe. At its centre was where the ceremonial Key to the Matrix hung. He wore a skullcap the same colour as his robes, but in place of the traditional James Acheson-created hourglass collar he wore a squared off, three-sided collar panelled in gauze.

SET DESIGN

Only two studio sets were used in the two concluding parts of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD. The first was the TARDIS, though which TARDIS proved a more complex matter. The initial script had required several scenes in the Valeyard's TARDIS, but as this was the Doctor's vessel, several centuries down the line (but still trapped in the form of a blue Police Box), the standard set seen in episode nine would have sufficed, with the addition of a massive vault-like doorway which seals off the Valeyard's trump card – a Time Vent. In place of this, the Bakers' script called for several scenes inside the Master's time ship, which required

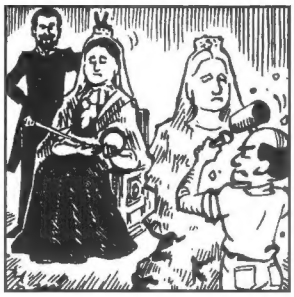




The illuminated Fantasy Factory plaque was a combined effort by Set Design and BBC electricians. The frame was a combination of plastic tracking, aluminium for the frame and the reflecting panels, wood for the base letters, and perspex for the central yellow light. The 'Fantasy Factory' text was illuminated by simply studding coloured light bulbs into and around the lettering and wiring them all up in series.

Very little Victorian paraphernalia had to be specially bought in as so much of it was on-site at the museum anyway. The only real exceptions were the offices of the two Mr Popplewicks, junior and senior. Suitable rooms were found at the museum but, to make them more austere and starkly functional, both needed decorating with assortments of box files, quill pens, hurricane lamps, clerk's desks and charts hiding views into other (undecorated) offices.

VISUAL EFFECTS



Aside from his collaborations with Michel Trevor, Kevin Molloy had a full schedule of projects of his own to complete. An early assignment was a one day return visit to Peerless Studios to shoot the filmed insert of the two pods being drawn aboard the space station. First, the motion control equipment was reloaded with 'memorised' data of the camera's movement when tracking the model police box during the original film shoot. Then, the same sequence of moves was repeated, but this time with the two pods miniatures placed where the TARDIS had previously been. The end result was a strip of 35mm film featuring just the pods but viewed exactly as the police box had been in the original shoot.

One of the biggest logistical headaches facing Molloy was how to accomplish the episode one cliff-hanger where disembodied hands erupt through the ground and drag the Doctor down into a bog of quicksand. There was no easy way of doing this as an effect accomplished in a single take, so the Designer drew up a series of storyboards to explain what he had in mind. The end result impressed Colin Baker significantly.

"The prop boys got there a long time in advance and dug a huge pit. They made two chambers, so basically it was a pit with a wall across the middle. When we shot the scene we had a couple of guys standing in the first chamber with their arms protruding through a waterproof rubber roof, which was covered with water and had cork, etceteras floated on top of it so that it looked just like sand. That was how the shot was done of the hands coming up through the sand and grabbing my ankles. In the second chamber, which was about six feet deep and filled with water, was a hydraulic lift, with a central pole and a platform at the top. All I had to do was fall onto the platform, which again was covered with the cork, etceteras to make it look like part of the beach. The lift was then lowered so that it looked as though I was sinking into quicksand. Once my hands had gone under I had to grab the sides and force my own head down, otherwise I would just have floated. I had to hold myself under for about ten seconds, then come out and do it all over again for a retake. In fact, I had to do it three times, I think."

Colin Baker, *The Colin Baker Interview*, May 1987

Another potentially dangerous stunt was Glitz getting speared by a whaler's harpoon launched from the first floor of the Fantasy Factory. This simply involved running a thin line from the balcony down to a protective board worn underneath the shirt of the Effects Assistant doubling for Tony Selby. A lightweight prop harpoon, hollowed down its length would then be 'flown' down the wire to bounce harmlessly against the protective board. While this was a simple, straightforward stunt to accomplish it was still not permitted to perform it with an inexperienced actor.

Yet another special prop was the Megabyte Modem; a complicated contraption of flashing lights and complex mechanisms that had to look like something from a Jules Verne novel, Victorian and outlandish. This prop, like so many others in the show, would be used in the many pyrotechnic sequences called for in the script.

"Blending the Master's TARDIS in with its Victorian surroundings, Trevor and Molloy devised a two-thirds scale civic statue of Queen Victoria."

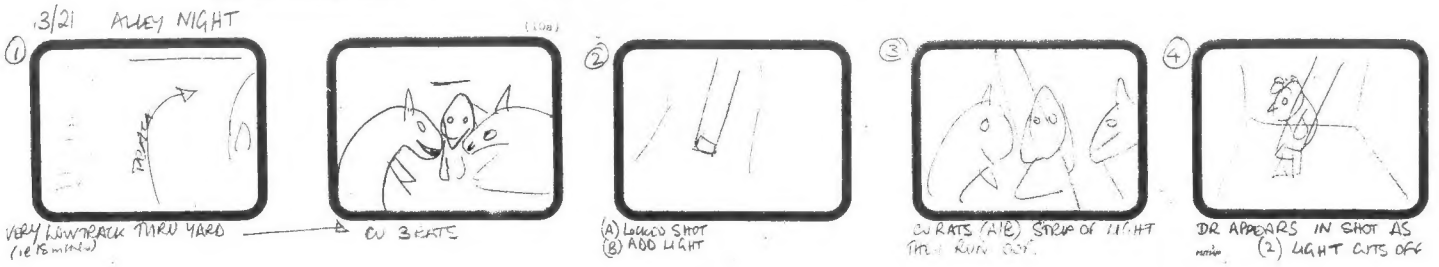
Michael Trevor to have several of the existing white wall flattages painted black in keeping with recent continuity. The console was not repainted as the Lighting Manager was able to cast it into sufficient shadow to give an illusion of it being black.

The other set used was the familiar trial room. No modifications were needed here, but Trevor added an extra wall flat to the adjoining annex. This flat incorporated a pair of fake leaded glass double doors, fashioned in triangular perspex. These sliding panels would be the 'seventh door' into the Matrix.

For the two pods used to transport Glitz and Mel to the space station, Trevor worked closely with Kevin Molloy to match miniatures with their live-action counterparts. The finished pods were squared-off coffin shapes with hinged lids, lined inside with foam padding to make reclining in them more comfortable for the artists.

The search for a suitable gasometer location had not been successful, but instead there was a lucky find in the form of the Gladstone Pottery Museum in Longton, near Stoke-on-Trent. That appeared to offer a possible substitute in the form of giant, disused kilns, which in turn led up through tapering, circular chimneys. Vetoing the kilns and the chimneys, Chris Clough reckoned he could make use of the rest of the site, which included a large courtyard, several cobbled streets, a working pottery with several offices, and even a Victorian engine room.

Michael Trevor's main job was, therefore, to find and arrange all the props and dressings. One special prop again required the assistance from Visual Effects. This was the Master's TARDIS, which had to blend in with its Victorian surroundings. Taking this instruction literally Trevor and Molloy devised a two-thirds scale civic statue of Queen Victoria, seated atop a stone plinth. The rendition of Victoria was sculpted from a block of polystyrene by a freelance artist and was anchored to the plinth by a rod running vertically upwards through the statue. The plinth was timber framed, clad with wooden panelling and textured with plaster. Finally the whole structure was spray painted an off-white, tinged with marble-blue. The front aspect of the plinth was hinged so that double doors could be swung open on wires to suggest an entrance into the Master's TARDIS.



PRODUCTION DIARY

Monday 23 June 1986
Life's a Beach — Again

Barely a week has elapsed since Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant were walking along the beach below Telescombe Cliffs in East Sussex, recording footage for the MINDWARP serial. Now Baker is back again in East Sussex, some miles further to the east at Camber Sands near the picturesque village of Rye. This location has been recommended by Pip and Jane Baker who know the area well, and wrote the beach scenes for episode fourteen with it in mind.

There has been little time for rehearsal, but as the establishing scenes are in part thirteen, which was not affected by Eric Saward's resignation, Chris Clough has been able to plan for the location well in advance.

Only three actors are needed for this two day Outside Broadcast shoot; Colin Baker, Michael Jayston and Tony Selby. They, along with an eleven strong complement of BBC production staff, leave Television Centre on a coach departing 09:00. Their first destination is the unit's overnight base, The Saltings Hotel in Rye. Thereafter they travel a few miles down to the Harbour Office at Camber in preparation for the shoot.

Visual Effects has been on-site since yesterday, digging the trench and pit required for the cliff-hanger and, once all the special props are in place, blending the disguised pit in with the rest of the beach. The area of the beach they have chosen is one generally unaffected by tides, which are usually low at this time of the year.

By 14:00 the unit is ready to roll using a four camera O.B set-up. The first of the three sequences scheduled into these three days is the cliff-hanger – the Doctor arriving on the mud flats and then being pulled under the sand. Baker is the first artist required on location although both Tony Selby and Michael Jayston have been advised to be ready in case shooting goes that smoothly that they are needed before the mid-afternoon tea break.

As Colin Baker records, the submerging sequence is performed three times before Chris Clough is happy he has got a scene he can live with. After each take the actor has to be hauled out, his costume swapped and his make-up applied again before a repeat is feasible. During one of these recording breaks Colin Baker remembers an amusing incident.

"The funny thing was, the pit was so well concealed that the sound man fell into it! He was walking around, checking the sound with his microphone, and the poor chap fell straight into this thing…"

The Doctor's resurrection is done in two stages since it would be impossible, even with reverse photography, to have him come up through the sand, perfectly coiffured and perfectly maintaining his balance. So the camera team captures a locked off shot of the beach area and then a separate shot of the Doctor being elevated on the hydraulic platform. As the weather is good, albeit windy, the neutral sky backdrop will be easily removed during post-production to achieve the desired composite shot.

For insert shots where Glitz is seen trying to pull the Doctor out of the sand by his legs, dummy legs from a shop mannequin are employed, poked out from under the surface by a member of the Effects team.

Next into the frame is the big explanation sequence, as the Valeyard pops in and out of the Matrix, revealing his motives to the Doctor and Glitz. Although straightforward in script terms, these shots are time consuming as many of them involve Michael Jayston having to dart between positions in front of locked off camera while delivering his lines.

To get a more dramatic backdrop for some of these sequences Chris Clough abandons the beach and shoots Jayston against the steeply rising green hillocks of a nearby nature reserve. Roughly half of these confrontations are captured before the unit agrees a wrap at 18:30.

Tuesday 24 June 1986

Gas-s-s-s!

After a fairly boisterous evening at the Saltings Hotel, the unit resumes work back on the Camber Sands beaches around 09:00. The objectives are simply to complete the mud flats/nature reserve shots left over from Monday, and then to follow with the final sequence — the gas attack which propels the Doctor and Glitz to seek sanctuary in a beach hut, which turns out to be the Master's TARDIS.

Finishing off the confrontation scene proves no problem, but the gas attack proves harder to stage. The brisk wind blowing yesterday has not abated, which gives Visual Effects a problem trying to simulate a rolling cloud of poison gas convincingly. No sooner are the smoke guns activated than the breeze whips the white clouds away into nothingness.

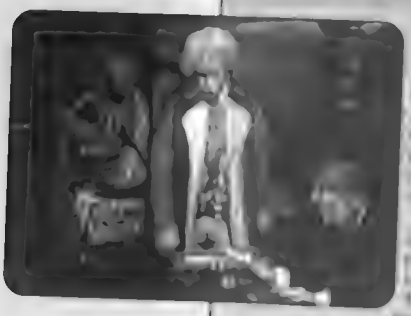
Unable to shoot exactly as he would like, Clough compromises by shooting just one cloud of smoke in forced perspective close-up, and then by holding the smoke gun close to the camera for the blanking out shot of the Doctor and Glitz running that ultimately is to be shown on the monitor in the trial room.

The beach hut is not a design prop but an actual, existing structure. Permission to use it for shooting has been obtained in advance from the Harbour Commander's office. One minor problem presents itself on the day, however, as John Nathan-Turner would later explain in his ***DWM*** memoirs.

"Initial location recording took place at Camber Sands, fairly near the seaside home of Neil Tennant, and was fun, apart from when the key to the hut we were using as the Master's TARDIS couldn't be traced and we had to break the lock to make the sequence work!"

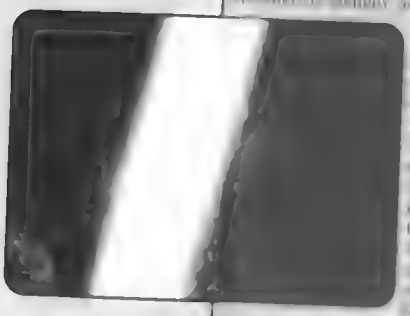
The dematerialisation shot is accomplished simply by effecting a rollback and mix from one camera trained on the hut, the other on an empty stretch of beach.

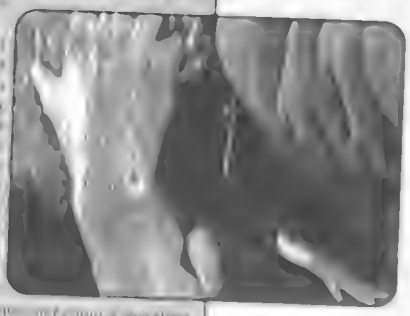
The planned wrap time today is 14:00, leaving Visual Effects and the props crew the task of tidying up the beach while the rest of the unit departs back to London on the BBC coach.



Monday 30 June 1986

Pottery Time



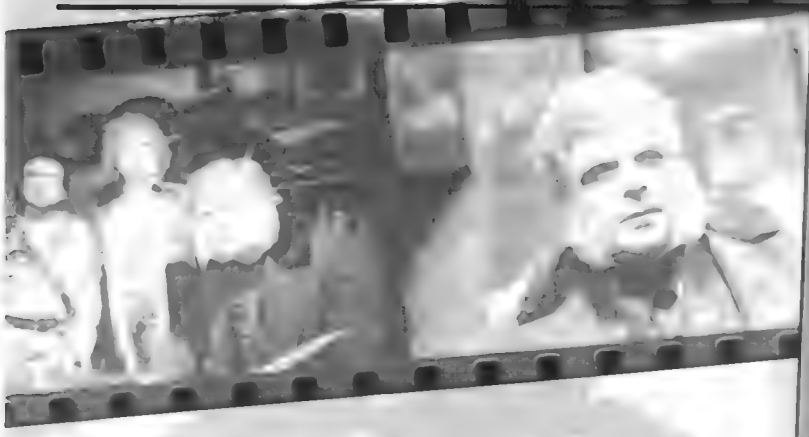


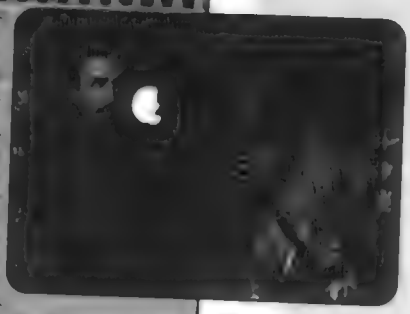
Tuesday 1 July 1986

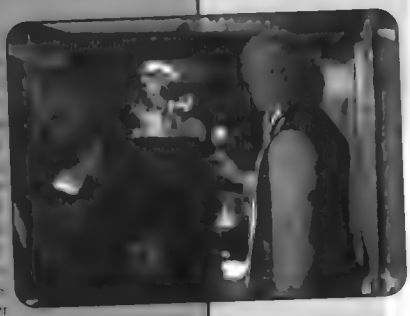
Bullseye!

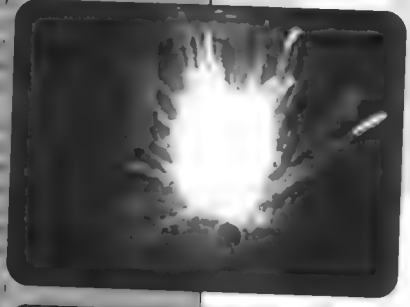
Wednesday 2 July 1986

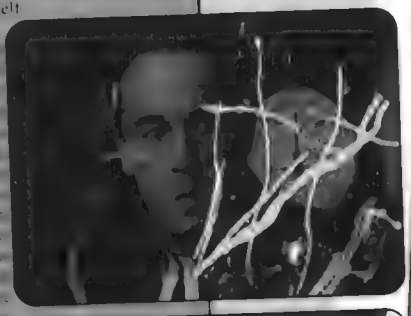
Modern Medea











Thursday 3 July 1986
Nemesis

Taking up where yesterday's shooting left off, Colin Baker and Michael Preston return to the engine room set not to resume their battle of wits now that Mel has departed. The first scene has the Doctor attempting to dismantle the deadly contraption comprised by Dissemintor Visual Effects has rigged the contraption so that various small charges can be detonated on cue to shower the Doctor's fingers with sparks. For close up shots Kevin Moyles offers himself as one of his assistants as a stand in but Colin Baker declines preferring to do the stunt himself in the interests of authenticity.

Swinging the camera around the next brief scene is of the Valeyard working his bonds free. This sequence plus its predecessor and successors will eventually be interwoven between scenes in the courtroom. Following on the next stage in the action is the Doctor's success in reversing the polarity of the tau meson, an action which causes massive ionisation feedback. Although the dissemintor prop has been rigged to explode the unit is only allowed to rig a minimum of explosive charges on account of the museum's structure or artefacts. The ensuing shower of sparking particles will therefore have to be mostly done in post production with electronic effects.

One shot that has to be dropped completely for reasons of technical unfeasibility is a scripted description of the Valeyard fleeing silhouetted by multi-inverted ghosts" as the incarnation realises he is almost spent.

With all the interiors wrapped the unit moves outside for the last of the exteriors. Perfect dry summer conditions have prevailed throughout the production and no delays have been incurred due to weather. Consequently there are now just six location scenes left to do.

The first shot is a flashback anim of the Master's TARDIS arriving disguised as a hansom cab in the days of Queen Victoria. The prop has been set up and the cameras were busy turning inside the engine room. The camera that will shoot an establishing shot of the vessel's arrival is locked off so that once the sequence is done and stage hands have removed the TARDIS a picture of the empty Pottbank Yard can be recorded. The two doors at the front of the [illegible] are attached by wires stretching out to unseen stagehands. Their task once cued is to pull on the wires simultaneously opening the double doors in tandem to let the Master, Glitz and the catatonic Doctor out.

Moving over to the centre of the courtyard the next scene is where fire Popplewick (her the Valeyard comes out onto the factory balcony to observe the motionless Doctor. In the script both Mr Popplewicks precede the Valeyard's appearance, but Chris Clough decides only one needs enact the scene so the senior Mr Popplewick gets the task. The Master's Tissue Compression Eliminator gets its first outing in the programme tonight.

The subsequent scene as the Master and Glitz flee the explosive spill pellets being hurled by the Valeyard has to be done as a full dress rehearsal first before being done live. The sequence involves the characters running a precisely defined path either side of which explosive charges will be detonated electronically. Nervous about doing the scene Anthony Ainley votes he will do it if the Visual Effects team does it first to prove it is safe. Kevin Moyles doubles for Ainley in the rehearsal which involves a full spread of pyrotechnics being fired off. Once Ainley is satisfied a new set of charges is put in place and then he and Tony Selby perform the scene for the cameras in earnest.

All cast members apart from Colin Baker and Bonnie Langford are now stood down. There are just three scenes left to shoot and only the Doctor and Mel are needed. The first is where Mel revives the Doctor from his trance and beckons him to follow her down a passageway. Wishing to establish that this is an apparition of Mel Chris Clough instructs the lighting cameraman to keep Bonnie Langford in silhouette throughout this scene.

The very last scenes are two dialogue less sequences as the Doctor exits from the engine room out into the courtyard and observes ionic sparks emerging from the kiln's chimney. As before the ionisation sparks will be added during post production but there is still some work for Visual Effects to do discharging clouds of smoke to swirl around the Doctor as he frees from the Matrix. Unfortunately the clouds of drifting smoke triggers one of the museum's fire detectors with the result that a crew of fire engines turns up suddenly at the site.

Friday 4 July 1986

TGI Friday

With recording having completed around 03:00 in the morning the unit retires back to their hotel for the traditional wrap party. Friday has been booked as a contingency day in case of weather or technical problems, but there have been none, so all there is left to do is clear up and arrange a return to London later in the day.

In his memoirs for ***DWM*** John Nathan-Turner recalls at least one morning when Pip and Jane Baker – who have been on-site all week to observe recording – found the Producer and some of the cast still propping up the bar as they emerged from breakfast having had a night's sleep.

Also on the agenda during free time this week has been a trip to the nearby Alton Towers amusement park, and to the Stoke Garden Festival.

Wednesday 16 July 1986

TARDIS Scenes

7C's first studio day begins with an afternoon of camera rehearsals followed by a single recording block in the evening from 19:30 to 22:00.

The standard TARDIS control room interior has been assembled for today, but with its walls repainted black to denote the inside of the Master's ship. This is a continuity point that harks back to the 1984 serial PLANET OF FIRE.

There are only a couple of scenes to record here – the three-way confrontation between the Master, the Doctor and Glitz after the former has rescued the others from the Matrix beach-scape, and a subsequent exchange between the Master and Glitz, in part fourteen, where the evil Time Lord attempts to hypnotise his mercenary ally. In keeping with Pip and Jane Baker's previous **Doctor Who**, THE MARK OF THE RANI, the Master tries to hypnotise Glitz using a swinging pendant.

Wall flats for a corridor room beyond the console area have also been painted black for a short scene after the Master has escorted Glitz out so that his sonic wave system can numb the Doctor's conscious mind. The sonic attack effect is simply accomplished using the studio's lighting equipment. A spotlight projecting light through rotating coloured gels suggests the hypnotic effect, followed by the gradually faded up beam from a white spotlight to imply the hypnosis taking effect.

The last scene, as Glitz and the Master are booby trapped into immobility by a limbo-atrophiser, requires the Vision Mixer to dip the output picture into monochrome. Additional effects will be added electronically during post-production.

Recording this material has uses up approximately one and a half hour's of studio time today. Rather than split scenes in the trial room destined for parts thirteen and fourteen, Chris Clough chooses to shoot all the court scenes for episodes nine to twelve during the remaining hour.

Monday 7 July – Tuesday 15 July 1986

See last issue...

Rehearsals for the Block One studio session take place at Acton. As this will only be a two-day shoot Chris Clough and Michael Trevor have designed their three recording sessions for serial 7C so that this first studio will wrap up the remaining material for episodes thirteen and fourteen. Consequently the only sets needed are the trial courtroom, plus annexe, and two versions of the standard TARDIS interior.

Geoffrey Hughes has no more scenes as all his material was recorded on location. Joining the cast for the first time is James Bree as Keeper of the Matrix, and rejoining for the last time is Lynda Bellingham.

Block One is the only occasion in this serial where the trial room set is required, so a part of this first studio will be devoted to recording all the trial scenes for episodes nine to twelve: the Vervoid story.

Thursday 17 July 1986
Closing Speeches
20

THE BLUE BOX simply hadn't been there five minutes previously.

And yet, here it was now. With the words Police across the top √ how bizarre, he was not aware of any such new contrivances from the Lancashire Brigade, and felt sure that he should. As a solicitor it was his job to know about such things.

Shaking his head, he prepared to return to his chambers when the sound of running footsteps and some unearthly growl reached his ears. He peered into the gloom of the dusk, around the corner onto Market Street. Sure enough, running at full pelt through the boarded up stalls and fruit caravans were a man and woman. The odd noise came from some bizarre metallic contraption at their heels. It looked a bit like a dog, but not of any breed he had observed.

They stopped dead when they saw him.

"You have to get away, you know," said the tall man.

"Why?"

The man looked at the woman. "He doesn't know."

"I'm not surprised," she replied, very calmly. Odd that, considering they appeared to have been running for their lives seconds earlier.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

The man shook his head. "I don't think so." He looked at his companion again. "Do you think he can help us, Romana?"

The young woman shook her head, her blonde hair obscuring her petite face for a second. "No, I don't think he can, Doctor. From what I've seen of Earth, the population can rarely help themselves."

The man, the Doctor apparently, reached forward and grabbed at his shoulders. "Can you help yourself, Mr.?"

"Popplewick," he stammered. "Chief Clerk to J J Chambers of J J Chambers chambers."

"A lawyer!"

"A solicitor," Popplewick heard himself correct the Doctor.

"This is marvellous. I need a good lawyer. The Knids you see, terribly logical thinkers. They think I stole something from them. A good lawyer might convince them I didn't."

Popplewick frowned. "Did you?'

"Did I what?"

"Steal something?"

"No," said the Doctor.

"Yes," said Romana at the same time.

"Yes," the Doctor admitted.

"No," Romana corrected herself. At the same time.

"I see," Popplewick said.

"Not steal exactly. Borrowed. Back. It was mine. Once."

"Possession is nine tenths of the law," Popplewick said. "These Knids of yours might have a legitimate claim."

"Legitimate claim? The vicious Knids? I don't think so."

"Doctor," Romana whispered rather too loudly.

"What?"

"I don't think this man knows who the vermicious Knids are."

The Doctor seemed completely confused by this. "Doesn't know – you don't know who the vermicious Knids are?"

"Only that they are vermicious," Popplewick said.

The Doctor grinned triumphantly at Romana. "Ha! See he does know, otherwise how would he know they were vermicious."

Romana looked crestfallen at this logic, until another voice spoke.

"You told him they were, master. You referred to them as the vermicious Knids."

Popplewick realised it was the metal dog, but before he could acknowledge his surprise, Romana spoke again.

"Nevertheless K-9, I don't think he knows."

The Doctor sighed melodramatically. "Is this what this planet has come to in the year, err, what year is it?"

"1882," said Popplewick.

"In the year 1882? No one knows about the vermicious Knids?"

"Doctor," hissed Romana suddenly, resting her chin on his shoulder.

"What?"

"I don't know who the vermicious Knids are either."

"You don't know... K-9, tell Romana who the vermicious Knids are? K-9?"

There was a whirring and clicking from within the metal dog. "Master Database only reveal the vermicious Knids as a fictional creation of the human author Roald Dahl. Born 1916 died 1990..."

"Not those vermicious Knids," snapped the Doctor. "Those vermicious Knids!"

Popplewick looked up to see three massive creatures looming out of the shadows, huge saucer-shaped green eyes glowing like beacons.

"Doctor," one spoke in a booming voice that shook the windows nearby.

"Doctor, we want the tri-oscillating microtronic de-amplifying regulator back. Now."

"Yeah, Doctor. Like now," said the second.

"What he said," said the third. "Yeah, and him too."

"Excuse me, er, gentlemen," Popplewick called up to them.

"Who the bloomin' heck are you?"

"Popplewick, good sir. Solicitor working for J J Chambers of J J Chambers' chambers, here in the good city of Manchester."

"Manchester?" The lead Knid looked at his fellows with a slow blink.

"Manchester? You said this was Liverpool."

"Told you it wasn't Liverpool," said the third Knids. "No docks."

"There are, too," wailed the other. "Small ones. I can't help it if we can't pick out one city from another from the ship."

"How far are we from Liverpool, Popplewick of JJ?"

"Not far," Popplewick interrupted.

"They want to go to Liverpool," Romana said to Popplewick, rather unnecessarily.

"And that's why they want your oscillating object, Doctor."

"Hmmm? Oh no, no. They need that to transmute the population of Earth into biomorphic protoplasm so they can ingest you all easier."

"Why do they want to go to Liverpool then?"

"To see the boats and the ships and the seaside," said the wailing Knid who really didn't look frightfully vermicious right now.

Popplewick pointed behind him. "Liverpool's about forty miles thataway. But you can't have the Doctor's object."

"Why not, solicitor?"

"It's not yours. Legally it's his. And, as I said to the Doctor earlier, possession is nine tenths of the law."

"Stupid law," said the lead Knid.

"Stupid planet," said the second.

"Stupid docks. Stupid seaside. Stupid boats," wailed the third. "I want to go home."

And suddenly the three Knids had vanished.

The Doctor beamed at Popplewick. "Mister Popplewick, thank you." He shook his hand ferociously. "You have saved the world. If ever I need a good lawyer, I know to come here, to... to..."

"67A Commercial Street, Manchester, Master," K-9 said.

"Thank you," Romana added with a smile.

The Doctor walked over to the blue box with police written on it, opened the door and ushered Romana and K-9 inside. "Goodbye, Mister Popplewick. I won't forget this."

And then he was gone. Inside. And seconds later, the blue box simply vanished, with a horrendous noise that startled dogs barking nearby.

Popplewick stared at the empty air for a moment.

And then the noise started again and the blue box reappeared. The door creaked open but no one came out.

"Doctor?" Popplewick called. "Did you forget something?"

"I never forget anything, Mister Popplewick," came the reply from within. "Why don't you step inside?"

Popplewick did so – but instead of the cupboard he was expecting, he found himself inside a cavernous circular room with wood-panelled floors, dark chandeliers and a preponderance of alcoves set into the walls. In the centre of the room was a dais, surrounded by curved pillars with holes in them like a Swiss cheese. At the centre of that was a strange desk contraption, a shimmering glass column at the centre, surrounded by buttons, dials and levers. Popplewick decided to leave, but the impossibly large doors slammed shut behind him.

"I have need, once again, of a good solicitor, Mister Popplewick of J J Chambers' chambers." The voice wasn't the Doctor's. The following laugh wasn't even human sounding.

A man seemed to emerge from the shadows, wearing a black silk cape, trimmed with silver. He had slicked back hair and a cruel, sneering face.

"A pleasure to see you again, Mister Popplewick. Time hasn't changed you, I see. Whereas I? Yes, I have been changed by so much."

"Who are you?"

The cruel man smiled, and Popplewick felt suddenly very cold.

"Why, I am the Doctor, of course. And you have something I need very badly."

"What's that?"

The cruel man, who claimed to be the Doctor but clearly wasn't, held his arms out wide and smiled. "A body, Mister Popplewick. An identity, a disguise, a whole carnival of opportunities."

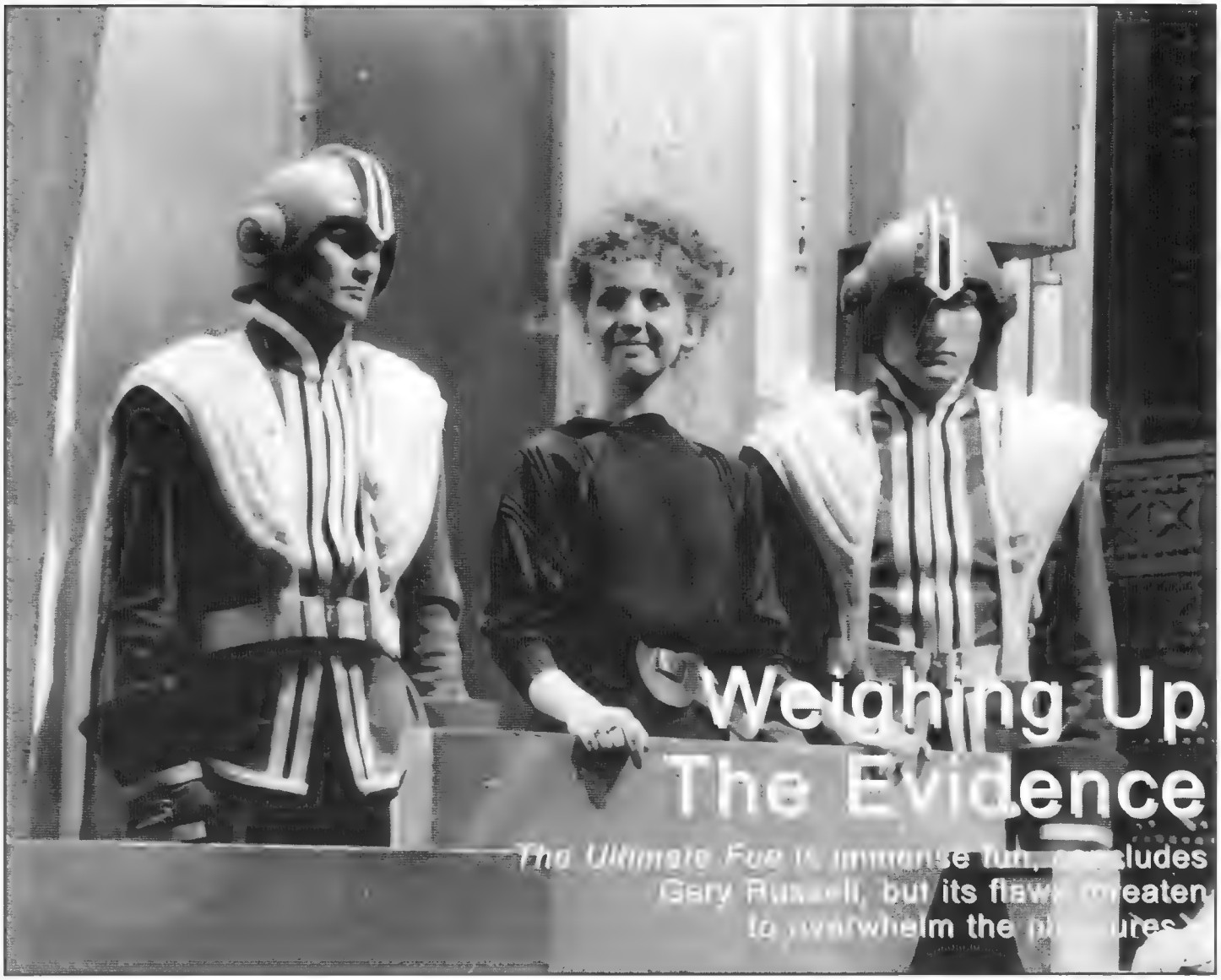
Popplewick found he couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. Couldn't focus.

"Goodbye, Mister Popplewick," the cruel man was saying. "Thank you for this donation. I'll put it to very good use."

The last thing Popplewick ever saw was a reflection of himself, laughing, where the cruel man had been standing seconds earlier.

And everything stopped.

Gary Russell



Weighing Up The Evidence

The Ultimate Foe is immense fun, concludes Gary Russell, but its flaws threaten to overwhelm the pleasures.

IF ONE PUTS ASIDE the production problems that plagued these episodes (Holmes dying, Saward resigning, Pip 'n' Jane trying to tie it all together while denied access to any Saward/Holmes info, etc, etc), trying to review the final section of The Trial of a Time Lords is actually rather difficult. You see, it's not a story as such. The Edge of Destruction is a story. Black Orchid is a story. But The Ultimate Foe isn't, not by any stretch of the imagination.

What it is is a coda to the previous twelve instalments. All it sets out to do is wrap it all up and be entertaining. Whilst succeeding, to a large extent, on the latter point, it falls desperately short of the former. Not because it fails to tie things up satisfyingly but because it spends too long setting up new things only to dismantle them immediately.

Thus do we have Anthony Ainley's Master — possibly Ainley's finest performance to date but ruthlessly wasted as he tries to find comprehension in playing second fiddle to the subsequent revelations about the adventure's true villain, the Valeyard. Truth is, his presence is immensely irrelevant. Why does he want the Secrets? Why did he employ the Andromedan ruffian Glitz to steal 'em instead of doing it himself? How indeed does he even know about the bloody Secrets being stolen in the first place... Oh yes, because he now apparently lives inside the Matrix and has spent the best part of whatever eternity he's been in there reading up on the subject. Oh yes, and he reveals the truth about the Valeyard, thus undermining our belief in the intelligence and superiority of our hero, the Doctor, who really ought to have spotted that one himself.

As if...

He's the Master, for heaven's sake, not Ronnie Biggs. He's interested in frying far greater fish than a box of Time Lord secrets he's already got access to by being in the Matrix!

Nope, bad point one.

He's the Master, for heaven's sake, not Ronnie Biggs. He's interested in frying far greater fish than a box of Time Lord secrets he's already got access to by being in the Matrix!

Bad point two — the Seventh Door which just happens to be outside the ruddy courtroom (not that anyone's ever spotted this rather important fact). Now putting aside the continuity blunders in this, the most continuity-conscious story of all time (ie the Matrix doesn't have doors, it's only accessible via connections to the APC Net, preferably via the Circlet of Rassilon or whatever its called, and you certainly don't need a deadlock key, you need technology!), everyone traipses in and out of this like it's Selfridges. Poor Omega spent tons of time and energy accessing the Matrix — but now you just walk through a door.

Bad point three — just what is the Valeyard up to with the Fantasy Factory? Why Popplewick? Why J J Chambers? Why a spear?

Of course, there are lots of good things about the story, and in some ways they threaten to outweigh the bad ones on sheer audacity alone. There's no denying that for a story made on 'orrible OB, it looks very good. The shooting at the Potteries is fabulous, very atmospheric, helped no end by some moody lighting, an inventive sound track and understated performances by the lead actors (well, most of them — Tony Selby clearly thinks he's in Panto in Stoke). Similarly, the climax to the first episode, as the good Doc gets sucked under the sands of Camber is glorious. Sadly, it is copped out of too easily and despite the Bakers' best efforts, the final episode is reduced to hurried and irrelevant explanations, traps within traps, exploding quills and something called a megabyte modem that computer expert Mel identifies without bursting into laughter at the inanity of it (unless she really believes that modems are that big... surely not).

However, it would be churlish to withhold praise where it's due. Without a doubt the star of the season has been Michael Jayston — always reliable, always consistent and frankly an awful lot of fun. His hatless moments on the beach are delightful as he runs rings around the Doctor. Talking of whom, although not as assured as his Vervoid performance (bear in mind this was made first), Colin Baker is pretty faultless here, his Doctor finally getting some good, meaty dialogue and confrontation scenes that aren't petty barbs hurled

A Curate's Egg

Eric Saward's original script for episode fourteen has its strengths - and also its weaknesses, says Anthony Brown

PLAYING 'What If...' can be irresistible. It's provided the basis for a five-year run of Sliders, not to mention myriad science fiction novels and a Radio 4 historical series...but there are few moments in Doctor Who's history where the possibilities are as obvious as they are here. Ever since THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD came to an end, the question's been 'Was Saward's ending better? Did it explain all?'

Preconceptions tend to take over the debate, with Saward's critics assuming not, while his adherents insist the last ideas of Robert Holmes were binned in favour of a ludicrous happy ending, and it must have been better than the Bakers' megabyte modem-laden run-around.

Overall the verdict on the original script (see page 24) must be 'good in parts'. Saward's version provides a better resolution for the season as a whole, as the Valeyard's motivation and plans remain clear and well-reasoned, but there's no explanation for the details of the Trial. What was faked, why the Valeyard chose these particular pieces of evidence, and how deep the corruption of the High Council runs remains just as unclear. For the most part, the Saward script is another collection of set-pieces marking time until the moment for the Doctor's final confrontation with his future self arrives, when the pair head over the metaphorical Reichenbach into a convenient time vent which appears out of the blue just as the assassination scheme does in the transmitted version.

Indeed, were it not for the documentary and legal evidence to the contrary, one could easily assume that the Bakers had been given access to some of the Saward-Holmes outline, as both scripts follow the same basic structure — a verbal confrontation between the Doctor and the Valeyard on the beach ends with the intervention of the Master, before the Doctor's led into a trap by an illusion of Mel. While the Master keeps the court informed, the Doctor then heads towards the inevitable confrontation with the Valeyard. There are even coincidences in the details, such as the Doctor ripping Mr Popplewick's robes away in the belief that he's the Valeyard... but in Saward's version he's wrong. The similarities would seem to indicate that **Doctor Who**'s format is sufficiently rigid that any writer would have taken the same three-act approach to the conclusion, and shaped the same rough outline.

But while the Bakers were able to extrapolate the shape of Saward's skeleton, the meat he puts on those bones is very different.

In place of the out-of-nowhere scheme to assassinate the jurors, the Valeyard's motivations are clear cut and sane, though it's the twisted logic of the insanely desperate. Fearing that the High Council will renege on their deal to hand him the Doctor's regenerations, the Valeyard decides to hold the universe to random with a time vent, which could destroy the fabric of space-time if he unseals it. In place of the super-villain of the transmitted episode, this Valeyard is, as the Doctor describes him, a pathetic old man who's afraid of dying, and can't even protect himself from the machinations of the High Council. It's a very different concept to the embodiment of the Doctor's suppressed evil which has come to underpin much of the now dominant concept of a repentant sixth Doctor terrified of what he might become developing into a seventh Doctor whose actions as Time's Champions smack of the Valeyard's ruthlessness. This Valeyard is someone the Doctor comes to regard with contempt and pity.

As to the other characters, it's easy to envisage how their performances would have been — we do after all have the benefit of being able to see the same actors in the same roles, running around the same locations. The dialogue almost delivers itself in the imagination, like a good TV tie-in — for good or ill. Mel's strident forcefulness, the sixth Doctor's volume and the Valeyard's tongue-twisting turn of phrase all spring to ghastly life from the page on occasion.

As in episode thirteen, Melanie is superfluous, with little to do but sob and ask for explanations, aside from during the second section of the script. As in the transmitted episode, the Doctor is lured into danger by an illusion of Melanie, but this sequence does little to further the plot — the Doctor doesn't seem to be in any peril, and the Valeyard doesn't seem to get any benefit out of the illusion except perhaps for keeping the Doctor busy — and almost reads like a parody of Pip and Jane Baker's more over-the-top dialogue. The 12-syllable discussions about going round in circles feel like something guaranteed to trigger the worst in both Bonnie Langford and Colin Baker. The transmitted equivalent, with its eerie pull-back from the court to the court, is far superior, and also has the advantage of presenting a verdict, even though it's a false one — something conspicuously absent in reality in both scripts.

And the reason for Mel's inactivity is a tubby figure trapped in the Valeyard's TARDIS. It's clear from episode fourteen that while willing to reintroduce the character of Glitz, Holmes and Saward had little real use for him in the concluding episodes. After info-dumping to the Court and acting as a substitute companion for the rest of part thirteen, he becomes a passive audience for the Valeyard's explanations throughout part fourteen — a role which might just as easily have been played by Mel. It's noticeable however that Saward is clearly writing for 'Glitz as portrayed by Tony Selby' — an appealing coward with no taste for violence, not the casual killer featured in episode one.

Though the stage direction 'He laughs his evil laugh' suggests that Saward rather despaired of the Master as a character, his portrayal of the arch villain is interesting, in that he effectively becomes an anarchic hero. Usurping the Doctor's usual role by warning the Time Lords of the peril to the universe, and guiding Glitz through the actions which avert disaster after the Doctor's angry confrontation with the Valeyard triggers the very armageddon he'd hope to prevent, he displays a superior sense of mischief-making which has echoes of the original Master's more endearing qualities. The notion of the Master pretending his hand is a gun has a particularly Doctor-like quality...

Elsewhere, the Inquisitor comes off better through retaining her stand-offish, ruthless streak (No 'all charges are dropped, and would you like to be President?' rubbish here), though there are major holes in the plot — specifically, that the High Council resigns as a result of recent developments, yet a moment later we're told the events of the trial have been concealed!

So is the Saward version better than the one eventually transmitted? No, not particularly. The cliffhanger ending is effective, but not essential — it could have been changed to let the Doctor survive his confrontation with the Valeyard — as Glitz does — without any trouble (allowing the Doctor, rather than the Master, to save the day and assert his position as our hero in the process). There's no Melanie-related time paradox, and the Valeyard is a more secure and touching character when simply an old, frightened Doctor too afraid to die than as 'Doctor Hyde'.

But it doesn't draw the season into one big whole, bigger than the sum of its parts, and at least one sequence from the transmitted version is far better. So, mega-byte modems aside, **Doctor Who** more or less broke even in the swap.

Doctor being executed gives the Valeyard his remaining lives (the raison d'etre of the entire Valeyard plot, and clumsily sidestepped rather than addressed here) nor how by breaking the Doctor's concentration (it's the Valeyard◊s illusion after all) stops this happening. But it's all jolly eye-candy. And that is the final strength of these two episodes — if you switch your brain off completely, treat it like **Neighbours** on a space station or a particularly dull episode **Crown Court** — it's actually an enormous amount of fun. It's vivid, it's overwrought and overstated, sometimes over-played, but always entertaining, even if just for its mediocrity in such sequences as the aforementioned megabyte modem or anything involving Glitz — a one-trick character who has apparently left his magic set on Ravolox.

As a climax to fourteen weeks of one vastly padded and artificially epical adventure, it's a huge letdown, all style and no substance. But as two fun-packed runarounds without any emotional depth (the revelation of Peri's fate is so mawkish and cloying you want to throw up) or real innovation, it's still a lot of fun. It represents neither Robert Holmes nor Pip 'n' Jane Baker at their best (indeed, it is probably both parties' worst entry into the **Doctor Who** canon) and with hindsight to realise it's Colin Baker's final stab, it's frankly a bit of a mess.

Which brings us back full circle to the behind-the-scenes cock-ups and clashes. Whether you want to like this two-part nonsense really depends on whether you're willing to give producer John Nathan-Turner credit for even managing to bring this off under the circumstances, or to throw brickbats at him for not pulling the plug earlier and chucking Holmes' frankly uninspiring script out along with Saward and asking the Bakers to write something entirely of their own, or drag another writer in with a fresh look at the preceding episodes to construct something else to wrap it up.

Which only leaves one unanswered question. Just how did the Valeyard escape his fate and become the new Keeper of the Matrix?

POST-PRODUCTION

There was a very large requirement for post-production work on this serial; a lot of it geared towards the last two episodes. One minor technical advance unveiled with these two episodes was digital animation. Animation had been featured previously within the show but only in the form of stop-motion or photographic montage sequencing. With new equipment like Paintbox and the HARRY digital editing suite much more could be created from scratch on gallery only days.

The blue sparks unleashed from the particle disseminator were just such an effect. Danny Popkin created in memory a series of triangular frames and filled each of them with spark designs using various line drawing utilities. Once created, these image panels were sequenced together in various orders to form a kind of electronic 'flick book' of animations. Coloured an electric blue these animations were overlaid onto footage shot in the courtroom and on location in the engine room for part fourteen. Since each moving spark was a separate animation, the images could be re-sized, flipped and moved around the screen electronically using Quantel. Thus Popkin could make them small at their point of origin, and then size them larger as they appeared to move towards the camera.

Slightly subtler were the digital animations added to the kiln chimney as it explodes at the end of that episode. The first cutaway shot of the chimney called for a funnel of blue flame to be seen emerging from the stack. Creating the cone shape was no problem - a simple electronic mask accomplished that. Similarly straightforward was creating a cone of blue light with a shading effect that bleached the colour to white as it neared the base. The clever part was adding very tiny animated shimmers of white pixels into the cone to suggest energy roaring up from the chimney with ever-greater force. Adding spark triangles as well augmented the effect.

The chimney's moment of destruction was completely done with electronic animation. Again using drawing tools Popkin created a series of hand crafted overlays showing the explosion in various stages of expansion. Each image was created on a neutral background, the explosion flare being coloured white with turquoise edging. At composition stage Popkin added each layer one by one over footage of the intact chimney until, by the end of the sequence, the entire screen was blotted out white.

Less onerous to create were the white light beams denoting characters or artefacts coming into the space station or being deposited in the Matrix. The arrival of the pods bearing Mel and Glitz required Popkin to replay some of the original Peerless Studios footage of the space station. The new 35mm film of the pods was matted over the exact point where the TARDIS had been, a simple electronic mask hiding the shape of the phone box. Because the pods had been filmed using a motion control camera programmed to repeat the original tracking shot over the TARDIS, the pods interfaced perfectly with this existing footage. The only problem was a minor degradation in the picture quality of the original space station material in the composite picture.

More traditional effects were also called for. A red 'laser beam' was added for the firing of the Master's TCE gun (and its harmless rebound), and the monitor in the court-room needed many CSO-inlaid feeds from other scenes.

Two of these feeds were scenes from other productions. Footage of the Vervoids being destroyed was added only when this edited sequence was available. No special clearances had to be organised as it was impractical to identify which actor was playing which Vervoid. Clearances did have to be arranged for the five second insert from MINDWARP which showed Peri with King Yrcanos. The original material depicted Yrcanos and Peri in the prison cell, but Popkin added soft-focus edging around the picture to disguise its origins.

One final video effect was the electronic static and picture wobble added to the sequence where the Master connects the booby-trapped archive files from the Matrix into his TARDIS console. The ensuing limbo atrophy effect required little more than a draining colour signal from the sequence, leaving it in sepia-tinted monochrome. A still-frame close-up of the Master's face was superimposed over the court-room scanner screen the moment prior to its destruction in part fourteen.

MUSIC AND SOUND

The dubbing requirements for these two episodes were greater than usual for a **Doctor Who**, due mainly to a need to establish a fantastical feel to so many of the scenes within the Matrix. The script clearly stipulated the Fantasy Factory should be depicted in Victorian gothic style, and that is precisely the brief Dick Mills and the Grams team worked towards achieving.

A variety of sounds were strung together into a maddening cacophony for the Doctor's arrival in the Matrix; the augmented squealing of a rat, horses hooves on cobblestones, a funeral bell, the echoed sound of shrieking laughter and the distant cries of a street vendor. All of these were stock sound recordings but many were treated with echo and looped to lend them a more nightmarish quality.

Some of Michael Jayston's lines from the location scenes were re-recorded to remove background atmospherics and so augment a sense of unreality. His maniac laughter, over so many predicaments facing the Doctor, had bass levels boosted to confirm the Valeyard's insane nature. The fake Mel, which lures the Doctor back to the trial room in part fourteen, also had her lines augmented with a level of echo to subliminally suggest her true nature as an apparition.

The Doctor's 'voice from the grave', heard by Glitz after the Time Lord has sunk into the quicksand pit, was first flattened to remove any of its tonal qualities and then supplemented with a burbling noise – like air being bubbled through a straw in water.

Some stock material was pulled in to satisfy some of the demands for Victorian authenticity. Six seconds and then seventeen seconds of a barrel organ track called "Can you handle this?" were taken from an album called "Hymns, Carols and Mechanical Instruments" and dubbed onto episodes thirteen and fourteen respectively. Another track, a rendition of the traditional melody "London Bridge is Falling Down" was deemed beyond the point where royalties are owed, and so no special contractual arrangements were needed.

Some more tracks from the archives included the Master's TCE gun firing and the 'white beam' sound effect used previously in THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET and MINDWARP.

Dominic Glynn's compositions, running to just under 25 minutes in total, exhibited a wide range of styles and influences. The arrival of the pods aboard the space station was underscored by a reprise of his own crashing church organ chords written for THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET. Sequences establishing the Fantasy Factory were underscored using the sound of a fairground pipe organ. Cleverest of all was a short theme for Mr Popplewick which was arranged very like a two-four musical cue from Sixties episodes of **The Avengers**.

To accompany the surprise news of Peri's survival, and with the Producer's permission, Dominic Glynn rearranged a few bars of Richard Hartley's music from MINDWARP, playing it over the five-second slow motion footage of her with King Yrcanos in part fourteen. A royalty did have to be negotiated.

CUTS

Episode thirteen's roots with two of the programme's longest-running and most experienced Script-Editors ensured a production that needed very little work to bring it within the 25-minute template. Even at script-editing phase John Nathan-Turner had had little more to do than alter a reference to the Valeyard being the Doctor's thirteenth and final incarnation, and remove a line by Mel where she asserts how closely the pair resemble each other (later restored to the novel, where Glitz comments that the Valeyard could be the Doctor's brother).

Clough's second off-line edit of the episode ran to

24' 42" and was the version judged suitable for transmission. In the case of part fourteen a second cut of the raw footage produced an episode that ran to nearly 31 minutes.

The problem Clough faced was trying to prune the episode without losing all the key narrative points. Unfortunately, so many of these key explanations proved absolutely necessary because they tied up loose ends left dangling even as far back as THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET. Consequently the best the Director could do was edit out any extraneous scene top and tails basically links without dialogue and remove the odd insert shot where speech was not compromised, such as the Doctor rising from the quagmire.

A third edit of this episode still ran to over 29 minutes, at which point the Director admitted he could do no more without ruining its cohesive structure. It was now up to John Nathan-Turner to seek a more radical solution.`

"The fact that the final episode of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD was 30 minutes long was a mistake, but it was so complicated we couldn't think of a way of cutting it down. We looked and looked and looked and just could not think of a way of getting five minutes out of it. John Nathan-Turner had to go to Jonathan Powell, who liked the show and said okay."

Chris Clough, *DWM 135*, April 1988

With Jonathan Powell's approval episode fourteen was allowed an unprecedented running length of 29' 30", which included the titles. Eric Saward received a credit as Script-Editor for part thirteen, but no Script-Editor entry appeared for part fourteen.

TRANSMISSION

Complete with pre-credit commentaries summarising events during previous episodes, the final two instalments of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD WENT out on Saturday 29 November and 6 December 1986. As per the previous twelve weeks it was intended part thirteen should transmit at 5:45 p.m. However, as schedules for November were drawn up it became clear that an outside broadcast of the Royal Variety Performance push the evening's programmes back. Faced with the choice of running **Doctor Who** or **Roland Rat**, the latter was dropped, with TRIAL OF A TIME LORD 13 inheriting its 5.20pm start time. As events had it, the episode was then followed by an unscheduled repeat of the final episode of the original **All Creatures Great and Small** (written and directed by Terence Dudley and starring Peter Davison), which replaced Noel Edmonds' **Late Late Breakfast Show**. The latter had been taken off the air after a viewer who'd volunteered to perform a bungee-jumping stunt was killed in a tragic accident.

To raise the profile of these final episodes Colin Baker paid a return visit to the **Saturday Superstore** studios on 29 November where he answered questions from the viewers and presenters. Included in the audience were members of the ***Doctor Who** Appreciation Society*, many of them dressed in costumes from the series.

The Monday after part fourteen went out, the BBC's **Open Air** forum show devoted a segment to reviewing Season 23, inviting to its Liverpool studios writers Pip and Jane Baker, plus members of the Merseyside DWAS local group. John Nathan-Turner was on-hand by telephone from Brighton, where he was producing a pantomime of *Cinderella* starring Colin Baker. The mood of this show was distinctly hostile. Many of the local group members were critical of material written by the Bakers and expressed opinions that Nathan-Turner was a detrimental presence on the show. These detractors found an unexpected ally in presenter Patti Caldwell who voiced her own personal dislike of the programme. The segment concluded with John Nathan-Turner confirming recent news rumours that he had been "persuaded to say" as Producer of the next series.

Last time, on Doctor Who...

Part Thirteen

"First we have episode 13 of the Doctor Who adventure, The Trial of a Time Lord. Having defeated the Vervoids, the Doctor has concluded the presentation of his defence. With the Doctor's future lives at stake, the Valeyard has now charged the Doctor with destroying an entire species. A charge known as genocide."

Part Fourteen

"First on BBC1 a game of life and death, for the Valeyard, and Doctor Who, the prosecutor at the Doctor's Trial, who has been exposed as an evil incarnation of the Doctor himself. Both of them are now isolated in the world of the Matrix, where the Valeyard is using all his powers to destroy the Doctor."

TRIVIA

By agreement with the estate of Robert Holmes, Pip and Jane Baker were contracted to novelise episodes thirteen and fourteen, producing a 126-page adaptation that was published under one of the serial's working titles, *The Ultimate Foe*. By way of a three-page epilogue Pip and Jane Baker added a form of explanation for the time paradox they themselves had created. They wrote of the trial Doctor returning Mel to a slimmer form of himself, sometime after the Vervoid story, but before events in the next TV serial, TIME AND THE RANI.

Alister Pearson's first cover, featuring the Valeyard and the Inquisitor, was rejected by the agents of these two actors, so a replacement was commissioned depicting the senior Mr Popplewick holding a quill pen over the hit-list of the Trial jurors. A beam of white light framing the two space pods featured in the background. A hardback version of the book was published in April 1988 and the paperback edition followed in September.

Packaged onto one VHS tape with episodes nine to twelve, the final episodes were released as part of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD boxed set, released in October 1993.

Like the rest of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD, THE ULTIMATE FOE has not been repeated on British terrestrial television to date, but has been shown on the cable/satellite station, UK Gold. For overseas sale the episodes were additionally packaged together to make a 53-minute TV movie. The serial has been shown abroad in episodic form, although for its first run broadcast in New Zealand nearly eight minutes was lopped off in a bid to make it fit the standard slot allocated for **Doctor Who**.

On the day episode thirteen was broadcast, Saturday 29 November 1986, The *Daily Mirror* ran a story claiming that Bonnie Langford's contract with **Doctor Who** had been renewed for 1987, but that Colin Baker's had not ..

CONTINUITY

It's possible to enter the physically enter the Matrix via the Seventh Door, which is located in the antechamber of the Trial space station. Whether its name indicates that there are six other gateways on Gallifrey, or is a reference to the six hatches on the station's superstructure, is unclear.

Only authorised personnel can make use of this entrance, using the Key of Rassilon which is kept on the collar of the Keeper of the Matrix (this position may be a new one, superceding the APC Net Co-Ordinator seen in THE DEADLY ASSASSIN, though his reference to the key being out of his keeping once in a millennia implies otherwise). At least one copy is in existence, stolen by the Master.

It's possible to place a TARDIS in the Matrix, perhaps by creating one through will-power.

The Valeyard is 'an amalgamation of the darker sides of the Doctor's nature', somewhere between the Doctor's twelth and final regenerations. This is open to a number of possible interpretations, which will be discussed in depth in **IN-VISION 90**. The Doctor and the Valeyard have the same handwriting, implying this does not change during a regeneration.

A particle disseminator is the ultimate weapon, capable of disseminating even elementary particles such as rho-mesons. It may be a variant on the disintegrator gun, created by the Valeyard using the knowledge he obtained during THE INVASION OF TIME.

Earth and its constellation were moved several light-years into another galaxy by the Time Lords, using the Magnetron. Though the Doctor's trial is intended to stop him discovering this, the Time Lord's guilt is apparently common knowledge in Andromeda. As a result of this revelation, the High Council of Gallifrey has been overthrown, with revolution rife in the Capitol. The Inquisitor offers to help restore the Doctor to his position as President, but he suggests instead that she run for the position (later **New Adventures** imply that Chancellor Flavia was instead restored in her own right).

Dibber is still Glitz's partner at the time of the trial. Glitz's greed is apparently enough to make him immune to hypnotism.

Gallifrey has no crown jewels, according to the Doctor, though the various artefacts of Rassilon seem to be adequate substitutes!

Time Lord civilization is ten million years old, and is the oldest civilization in the universe. There are several phases to the Matrix, though the primitive early ones are no longer accessible.

The twelve jurors are the supreme guardians of Gallifreyan Law — the ultimate court of appeal. Their names include Mennateen, Fionola, Fenner, Cabulos and the Inquisitor.

The Sixth Doctor's final onscreen words are either "Carrot juice, carrot juice... carrot juice!", or his rendition of "On with the motley."

The *Fall* and *Rise* of the *Time Lord Empire*

The Ultimate Foe provides out last glimpse of the Time Lords — and, Craig Hinton says, it also completes Robert Holmes' attack on the oldest civilization...

"IN ALL my travelling throughout the universe I have battled against evil, against power-mad conspirators. I should have stayed here! The oldest civilization: decadent, degenerate, and rotten to the core. Power mad conspirators? Daleks, Sontarans, Cybermen... they're still in the nursery compared to us! Ten million years of absolute power. *That's* what it takes to be *really* corrupt."

From gods to monsters – what the hell happened to the Time Lords?

The last episode of THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD also marked the final appearance of the Time Lords in televised **Doctor Who**. While their legacy would live on in subsequent plotlines and even the Gallifrey-esque TARDIS interior in the TV Movie – the "oldest civilization" bowed out in what appeared to be civil war. However, although the chaos that surrounded the scripting of part fourteen muddied the waters, the Time Lords in THE ULTIMATE FOE still adhere to the concepts and mythos proposed by Robert Holmes, nine years previously in THE DEADLY ASSASSIN.

The amount of discussion over whether that particular makeover was a betrayal of their introduction in THE WAR GAMES would fill a set of encyclopedias, but it is true to say that their first appearance in 1969 was the only fundamental change to the series' mythos since regeneration three years previously. If you compare the Doctor in TRIAL and AN UNEARTHLY CHILD, the only real difference is the knowledge that the Doctor is a member of a near omnipotent race with - occasionally – godlike powers.

TRIAL did add a few new twists to that mythos, however: the mysterious space station; the Time Lords' absolute control over the TARDIS and its use as a spying device; the fact that the Matrix can be penetrated physically as well as mentally. But the descent from the gods of THE WAR GAMES was now almost complete.

It is abundantly clear that the red-tape and bureaucracy that redefined the Time Lords in THE DEADLY ASSASSIN have finally got out of hand, and that the carefully dispensed justice of the High Council - deliberating over the Looping of the Alien Planet in THE WAR GAMES, the judicial processes of THE DEADLY ASSASSIN – has given way to the spiteful and dangerous relocation of Earth in THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET. Different factions of Gallifrey are vying for supremacy; promises are being made and broken, and, most importantly, the Matrix has been compromised. While chaos reigns, the most Gallifreyan of the cast of TRIAL – the Inquisitor and the Keeper of the Matrix – act like the British in *Carry on Up the Khyber*, preserving the old values as the place falls apart around them. Given that the High Council was prepared to break the First Law of Time, bargain with a creature as evil than the Master and frame the Doctor to cover up their actions, this is a race that we are well rid of.

Although the Time Lords as a race would not appear again on TV, their legacy can be felt throughout many of the remaining stories. Indeed, their next two mentions went a long way in defining the nature of the Time Lords in the Virgin and BBC range of original fiction, as well as harking back to their former glories. In the virtually identical REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS and SILVER NEMESIS, the Doctor's nature is heavily rewritten, with the overt suggestion – mainly from him, it has to be said - that he was there at the time of Rassilon and Omega, and was instrumental to the development of time travel, the Hand of Omega and the Validium metal of the Nemesis Statue. Indeed, in REMEMBRANCE OF THE DALEKS he claims to be "President-elect of the High Council of Time Lords. Keeper of the Legacy of Rassilon. Defender of the Laws of Time. Protector of Gallifrey," while in SURVIVAL edited-out comments suggest that he is now far more than just a Time Lord.

This is validated by the dark secrets of mad Lady Peinforte, whose long communion with the Nemesis Statue gave her an insight into exactly what did happen in the Dark Times, the period first mentioned in THE FIVE DOCTORS. For the first time since THE WAR GAMES, we were being asked to believe that the Doctor wasn't just a renegade Time Lord who stole a TARDIS, but one of the architects of Time Lord society. For some, this was a good move – the Eighties wasn't the best time to be the underdog, with Thatcher's vision of Britain colouring people's perception, it was right to be on top – but for many, this was a complete betrayal of the Doctor's ethos. Far from being the underdog, the Doctor would wade into situations armed with formidable powers, whether that be the power to knock someone unconscious with a touch or the ability to know someone's timeline. In his seventh incarnation, he would think nothing of emotionally manipulating his companion; in his eighth, he would flout the Laws of Time with his foreknowledge.

As televised **Doctor Who** came to an end, there were also the rumours surrounding those stories which had been planned for the next season. If the whispers are to be believed, an alternate universe would have shown us Ace joining the Time Lord Academy and the Doctor returning to his family home a story that would eventually crown the Virgin series of **New Adventures** with *Lungbarrow*.

Once the TV series ended, Virgin took up the reins. In the ongoing **New Adventures**, the Doctor's role as Time's Champion was explored, which went some way towards explaining the differences between the Sixth Doctor and his far more calculating and powerful successor, as well as the origins of the Valeyard. We learnt that the early Time Lords were cursed with sterility by the female Pythia, Gallifreyan prophets and the forbears of the Sisterhood of Karn (and Lady Peinforte, come to that), and were forced to use genetic engineering – the Looms - to continue their civilization. And finally, the greatest mystery of all was explained: the Doctor was both a renegade Time Lord *and* one of the architects of their society, thanks to the machinations of the "Other" and the Looms.

While that story arc continued throughout the entire run of **New Adventures**, it was replaced in the subsequent BBC Eighth Doctor Adventures with an even more intriguing arc. So far we have learnt that the Time Lords will fight a devastating time war in the far future, sending sentient, humaniform TARDISes into battle against a great enemy which will use time technology to attack Gallifrey's history. We are introduced to the Faction Paradox, "anti-Time Lords" who delight in creating temporal paradoxes to give the Time Lords headaches, but with a much much darker purpose. We discover that the meddling Celestial Intervention Agency will become the ruthless, vicious Celestis, no better than the great enemy they are fighting. The Eighth Doctor books have even explained the Doctor's half-human biology from the TV Movie: the Faction Paradox altered the Third Doctor's past so that his regeneration took place after a gunshot would on a desolate frontier world rather than radiation poisoning, at which point he was infected with a nano-virus which would rewrite his genetic code – and turn him human.

But perhaps the most shocking twist so far is the destruction of the Doctor's TARDIS. It is disturbing enough to discover that this was engineered by the Time Lords themselves, but to learnt that the orders were given by Lord President Romana herself... Knowing of the future war, Romana is desperate to develop the humaniform TARDISes she knows they will need. But forget science and technology: Romana's plan was to force the Doctor's companion, Compassion to actually evolve into the first of the new breed of TARDISes. Her plan succeeded, but not before the Doctor once again went on the run from his own people – this time with a TARDIS for a companion. We even glimpsed a vision of an all-powerful, interventionist Gallfrey, complete with the Doctor and the Master in high office, in Lance Parkin's 35th anniversary novel, *The Infinity Doctors*.

If we are to take the novels as canonical, it would appear that the Time Lords of TRIAL are actually at their lowest point. From then on, they would regain their grandeur, power and majesty – but at what cost? A society that thinks nothing of destroying the Doctor's TARDIS, whose agents are more ruthless than the Master ever was, which would place a death sentence on the Doctor's head to enslave an advanced but sentient TARDIS.

The original proposal for the Trial arc suggested that not only were the Inquisitor and the Valeyard from a future Gallifrey, but that the High Council that chose them was also. Given what we have seen of their future in the books, this suddenly ceases to be far-fetched. It becomes terrifying.

The Final Verdict...

TWO TRIALS ended with the broadcast of episode fourteen. On air, the sixth Doctor's departure with a companion he'd yet to meet triggered a volley of adverse feedback from fans who'd sat patiently through the entire season, eager for a satisfactory conclusion.

In the real world all eyes were on Michael Grade's office as the BBC1 Controller weighed up results from the last **Doctor Who** season. Before the season had even begun, Grade had let it be known that the series' continued future would depend on its performance in 1986. He expected a toning down of the violence seen throughout season 22, and he expected better ratings.

The former he certainly got. Although there had been violent sequences, the blood and gore so visible in Season 22 was largely absent. Ratings, though, were another matter. The broad average achieved in Colin Baker's first year was 7.20 million viewers per episode. In 1986 that figure dropped to 4.88 million viewers — a loss of more than 30% from audiences the previous year.

Yet, these figures could be deceiving. Season 22 had started well with 8.05 million for ATTACK OF THE CYBERMEN but the average for the season hovered around the seven million mark, and it only reached that thanks to an injection of Dalek factor right at the end. When Grade made his decision to postpone season 23, ratings had dipped to little more than 5 million.

Season 23 was lucky to match even that. Figures for THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET were poor, a fact attributed by some commentators to light evenings, strong opposition from **The A-Team** on ITV, and an 'out of sight, out of mind' mentality among some viewer groups who might have forgotten the show during its eighteen month hiatus.

MINDWARP improved the lacklustre figure of 4.35 million to 4.88 million, and the Vervoid segment continued that swing up to 5.08 million. The very last episode of the season yielded its biggest audience of all as 5.6 million viewers tuned in hoping to see the trial satisfactorily resolved. Had part thirteen emulated its partner's attainment, simple trend analysis would have proved that **Doctor Who** was steadily rebuilding its lost audience, that a regular placing in the Saturday teatime slot was paying dividends, and that Colin Baker was doing a fine job as the Doctor.

Episode thirteen, however, attracted poor ratings for a November slot. The 4.4 million total dragged the two-parter's average down to 5 million, 80,000 less than had watched the Vervoid concluding episode. But wait a minute! Did anyone notice the one thing that separated part thirteen from all the others? It was the only episode transmitted half an hour earlier, at 5:20 rather than 5:45pm. How many of those missing 0.08 million were still working, out shopping or still travelling home while the Valeyard was baiting his traps for the Doctor in the Matrix?

Certainly **Doctor Who** fandom represents were pleased enough by the trial's conclusion. THE ULTIMATE FOE topped ***Doctor Who Magazine***'s annual season survey by a significant margin. "I had been led to believe that the end of the season was just going to be a kind of pantomime happy ending..." reader Helen Kingsley wrote on her voting form. "But we were treated to a thrilling battle within the Matrix that most certainly did not have a cop-out ending. It was superb stuff."

Other prize-winners from the two-parter were Tony Selby's Glitz as Best Supporting Character, Director Chris Clough for Best Creative Contribution, and a special Hall of Fame award to writer Robert Holmes.

The *Appreciation Society* did not subdivide serial 7C into its two distinct storylines. Nevertheless, its members voted the story into top place by a resounding 57.8% of the total votes cast. Further plaudits were given to part thirteen as Favourite Single Episode, to Chris Clough as Favourite Director, to Dominic Glynn as Favourite Composer and to Robert Holmes as Best Writer.

By the time these results were published everyone knew Michael Grade's verdict on the larger **Doctor Who** trial. In his eyes, sufficient improvement had been demonstrated to warrant the release of funds to finance a 24th season. The show had won its reprieve, but had all the accused parties been acquitted?

Colin Baker continued to appear as the Doctor right up until the end of 1986, even as news of his fate began to circulate throughout fandom and the media. His 29th November appearance on **Saturday Superstore**, promoting THE ULTIMATE FOE, was followed by a guest appearance, in costume, on a December 18th edition of **Tomorrow's World**. A local promotion in Brighton for his appearance in John Nathan-Turner's pantomime of *Cinderella* that Christmas was also done in costume.

And then, suddenly, he was gone. Amidst a barrage of newspaper coverage about resignations and sackings, the influence of Michael Grade and speculation about who might be Doctor number seven, Doctor number six bowed out unceremoniously.

On 31st December Michael Grade made an appearance on BBC's **Open Air** programme. He was quizzed about his views on **Doctor Who** and the many protests there had been since Baker's sacking. His tightly worded reply stated simply that **Doctor Who** was watched by very few people, but those that did were very vocal in their opinions. More than that, he refused to say...

The Trial of a Time Lord

Parts Thirteen — Fourteen
Series 23
Story 4
Serial 146
Code 7C

Starring
The Doctor Colin Baker
The Valeyard Michael Jayston
The Inquisitor Lynda Bellingham
Melanie Bush Bonnie Langford

Written by Robert Holmes
Pip and Jane Baker
Script Editor Eric Saward
Producer John Nathan-Turner
Director Ron Jones

Guest Cast
The Master [13-14] Anthony Ainley
Sabalom Glitz [13-14] Tony Selby
The Keeper of the Matrix [13-14] James Bree
Mr Popplewick [13-14][fo] Geoffrey Hughes
[fo] Location Only, [fb] flashback

Small
Peri Brown [14][fb] Nicola Bryant

King Yrcanos [14][fb] Brian Blessed
Crimson Time Lords [9-12] David Bache, Kenneth Thomas, Leslie Fry, James Delaney, Roy Seeley, Bob Hargreaves, Jack Horton
Orange Time Lords [9-12] Derek Hunt, Llewellyn Williams, Lew Hooper, David Fielgsend, David Enyon
Brown Time Lords [9-12] Jack Horton, Barry Butler, John Buckmaster, Martin Clark, Bob Hargreaves
Court Guards [13-14] John Capper, Kevin O'Brien, Gary Forecast, Oscar Peck
Vervoids [14][fb] Peppi Borza, Bob Appleby, Gess Whitfield, Paul Hillier, Bill Perrie, Jerry Manley

Crew:
Title Music by Ron Grainer
Arranged by Dominic Glynn
Incidental Music Malcolm Clarke
Special Sound Dick Mills
Production Assistant Jane Wellesley
Production Manager Ian Fraser
Assistant Floor Manager Karen Little
Floor Assistant Yvonne O'Grady
Studio Lighting Don Babbage
Technical Co-ordinator Alan Arbuthnott
Studio Sound Brian Clark
Grams Operator Jem Whippey
OB Boom Operators Peter Hales
Video Effects Danny Popkin
Vision Mixer Shirley Coward
Videotape Editor Hugh Parson
Studio Camera Supervisor Alec Wheal
Camera Crew Eleven
OB Engineering Manager Peter Thomas
OB Cameramen Mike Winser, John Hawes, Tony Maslen
Production Ops Supervisor Cliff Richardson
Production Operatives John Watson, Frank Smith, Dave Rogers
Chief Electrician Derek Bailey
Electrician Jim Hutchinson

Costume Designer Andrew Rose
Costume Assistant Chrissie Tucker
Dressers Dennis Addoo, Steven George, Isobel Foley
Make-Up Designer Shaunne Harrison
Make-Up Assistants Simon Tytherleigh, Lesley Sm.th, Issy Webley
Visual Effects Designer Kevin Molloy
Visual Effects Assistant Chris Reynolds, John Van Der Pool, Clare Chopping
Title Sequence Sid Sutton, Terry Handley
Graphics Designer Clive Harris
Properties Buyer Al Huxley
Designer Dinah Walker
Production Secretary Kate Esteal
Production Associate Jenny Doe

Programme Numbers:
Part Thirteen: 50/LDL1055T/72/X
Part Fourteen: 50/LDL1056N/73/X

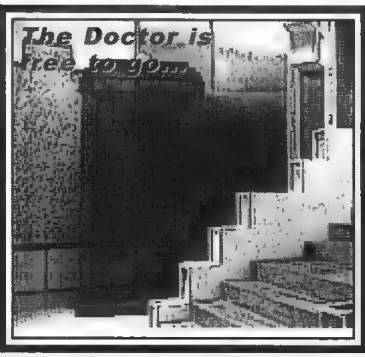
Location Recording:
Camber Sands 23rd — 24th June 1986
Gladstone Pottery Museum 30th June — 4th July 1986

Rehearsals:
7th — 15th July 1986

Studio Recording:
Block One 16th —17th July 1986, TC1

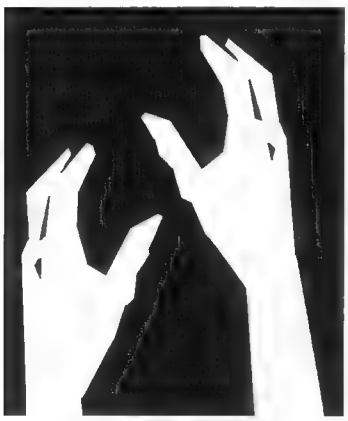
Transmission:
Part Thirteen: 29th November 1986, 17.20pm, BBC1 (24'42", 17.19.54 — 17.44.36)
Part Fourteen: 6th December 1986, 17.45pm, BBC1 (29'30", 17.45.44 — 18.15.14)

Audience, position, appreciation:
Part Thirteen: 4.4 million, 98th, 69%
Part Fourteen: 5.6 million, 80th, 69%



The hands reached from the sands beneath him to seize the Doctor's legs. As the diseased, rotting fingers grabbed at his flesh, pulling him down towards the beach, the sand itself become soft, sucking him down.

"You are dead, Doctor..." came the Valeyard's voice as he struggled to pull himself free... "Goodbye, Doctor..."



A Sticky Situation

"Kill me and you will never gain my remaining regenerations!", the Doctor responded defiantly.

"But you've already signed them away," came the reply.

"To JJ Chambers, not to you."

"For the sake of this charade, I am JJ Chambers," explained the Valeyard's voice. "I thought you understood — you are in a world entirely of my making."

"Then I deny your world!"

The Valeyard watched from within his TARDIS, secure in the knowledge that he was about to reclaim his heritage, and would never have to hide his identity again. The console room itself would have seemed familiar to the Doctor, aside from the addition of a solid vault-like doorway which interrupted the regular pattern of roundels on one wall. Held secure by a ring of explosive bolts, it stood out as much as Glitz's unseeing, catatonic form. Ignoring his guest the Valeyard concentrated on the scanner screen, noting with satisfaction that the mud engulfing the Doctor hadn't even flickered as his earlier self made his ringing declaration.

"So you keep saying... but you know you haven't got the strength. I have perfected the talent for mind control and illusion you chose to neglect."

"Illusion is for the theatre, not real life."

"It is an honoured Time Lord cult!" the Valeyard insisted as the Doctor sank deeper into the mud.

"Not any longer. As with mind linking and levitation, it is only seriously practised nowadays by children's entertainers and the weak minded."

"Feeble provocation, Doctor."

"Then here's a bit more. Do you really think the High Council is any longer in a position to ratify the so-called deal it has with you?"

"I have an inviolable agreement," the Valeyard replied, determined not to let the Doctor rattle his self-belief.

"Rubbish. Such a covenant could only be lodged in the Matrix."

"That is correct," the Valeyard agreed, reassured. "Pledged and sealed by each and every member of the High Council. The moment you die, your unused lives will be transferred to me."

"If you really believed that, you would have killed me at the first opportunity."

"I wish to savour the moment of my death. After all, how many people survive successful self murder?"

"I've heard more sense from a lobotomised speelsnape." declared the Doctor. "The truth of it is you've lost your nerve! Too many games have been played with the matrix for you to be able to trust either it or the High Council."

"I dictated the contract myself. I know that it is inviolable."

"I'd have another look if I were you. Check the small print — and I mean the small print they inserted after the deal was struck."

"You will have to do better than that, Doctor," the Valeyard murmured, as the quicksand moved closer and closer to the Doctor's face.

"Whether you like it or not, you are the chief prosecution witness against the High Council. When they come to court, as they certainly will, things would be much easier if you weren't around to contradict their lies. Kill me and you kill yourself." Quite literally, thought the Doctor, and in more than one sense. "That is the only contract the High Council will ratify." He paused, interrupted by a curious, electronic sound. Struggling to move, he managed to look around and spot the half-formed shape of a dark-robed figure. "What are you doing?"

In his control room, the Valeyard was equally puzzled. "What is happening?" he asked, as his TARDIS's scanner screen was blotted out by static. Fiddling frantically with the controls, he managed to isolate a momentary clear image, and started at the sight.

"I should have known. You never could mind your own business." The screen showed the face of the Master.

"Oh no... it would have to be you," said the Doctor, as the hazy shape in front of him coalesced into the dark figure of his first friend and oldest enemy.

"Show a little gratitude, my dear Doctor," purred the Master. "I am here at enormous inconvenience to myself."

"My apologies," the Doctor snapped, in desperation and genuine gratitude. "I'm grateful. Now please get me out!"

Stepping across to his old enemy, the Master extended a black-gloved hand and slowly pulled the Doctor clear. Fastidiously wiping a few traces of mud from his velvet gown, he cast an eye over the Doctor's bedraggled form. "I didn't realise illusions could be so messy."

"Now what?" the Doctor asked.

"The difficult part — concentrate." Linking minds, they emerged from a patch of swirling fog into a narrow cobbled alleyway.

"We're still in the Matrix," commented the Doctor as he glanced around him, his clothes now showing no sign of his muddy ordeal.

"It's worse than that — you're still in the Valeyard's illusion," the Master agreed.

"Surely you can get me out of something so elementary."

"Not when he is sustaining it by drawing power from the core of the matrix," the Master admitted, a little shamefacedly. It was difficult to accept that he'd been outthought by a rival. "Although I may appear to be my usual suave, urbane self, I am in fact using up massive amounts of energy to sustain my presence."

"There has to be some way out."

"But one you must find alone...", the Master nodded, before groaning suddenly as his image shimmered. "I will do what I can to help," he managed to shout as he faded away, "but the Valeyard's power is very strong."

The Master was gone, and the Doctor had never thought he'd be sorry about that. "Allied with my worst enemy against a future version of myself... something has gone very wrong." Shaking his head, he glanced up and down the alley, narrowly avoiding a full rain-barrel. "Careful..." remembering the hands which had emerged from one once before, and smiled weakly. The smile faded as he noticed a trail of grotesque, wet footprints leading away from the barrel. He moved as if to follow them, but then thought better of it. "Perhaps not," he muttered to himself, before moving off in the other direction.

There was another set of footprints, even more grotesque than the first, running ahead of him.

"Is this the best you can do? So much power, yet so little imagination."

The Valeyard's laughter echoed over the alley. "So you think I lack imagination — we shall see, Doctor." We shall see…

The great Trial Room aboard the Time Lord's cathedral-like space station could hardly be called a good advert for the majesty of Gallifreyan justice at the moment. The jury sat chattering away, gossiping about the scandalous events they'd witnessed, while in one corner the Inquisitor held urgent consultations with a court officer. Only the chancellry guard stood silent and dutiful, while Melanie questioned the Keeper of the Matrix before the giant screen.

"Where's the Master gone?" The renegade Time Lord's mocking image had disappeared from the screen shortly after the Doctor and the Valeyard fled the court.

"Who can tell," the Keeper shrugged, focusing on the minor irritations to his own ordered ways rather than more serious problems. "This is so typical of him - a most confusing and aggravating fellow."

"He won't abandon the Doctor?" Mel asked earnestly.

"I fear that whatever he does will be exclusively for his own convenience."

The Keeper's comments were interrupted by the Inquisitor, who swept imperiously across the court to whisper in his ear.

"I've just heard that the High Council have resigned."

"That was to be expected," the Keeper replied, seeing little reason to keep his voice low when discussing so obvious a development.

"But it has thrown Gallifrey into turmoil!" the Inquisitor hissed. "I tell you Keeper, our position could become rather delicate."

"Do they yet know of the events that have taken place here?"

"Neither must they," she said, shaking her head as she tried to get the fool to see how serious the situation might be for them. "Knowledge that the matrix has been violated could lead to civil war."

"Worse still, it could lead to our execution!" the Keeper panicked, suddenly remembering that Time Lords were very good at finding scapegoats.

"*Your* execution," the Inquisitor said icily, instantly disassociating herself from the man. "I'm but a humble magistrate, you are the Keeper of the Matrix."

"Help the Doctor find the Valeyard," interrupted Mel, spotting a chance to throw them both a lifeline, "and no-one need ever know what happened here."

The Keeper shook his head. "If only it as that simple, child... But I fear it is all far too late for secrets."

"I though you might like to see this, Sabalom Glitz," said the Valeyard, snapping his fingers at the thief's catatonic form as he watched the Doctor make his way past a series of doorways. Instantly, Glitz snapped out of his trance.

"What did you do to me?"

"Cocooned your mind in an illusion," explained the Valeyard good-naturedly.

"It was horrible!"

"For that, you must blame yourself. The form of mind deception I employed extrapolated upon your innermost fears and fantasies."

"Even I'm not disgusting," Glitz protested, hoping it was true.

"Now that you've been restored to reality, the trauma will soon pass," the Valeyard commented dismissively.

"Except I don't like being humiliated," replied Glitz. There was an edge to his voice which a few prison psychiatrists had learnt to fear.

"In my world, you either co-operate, which you refused to do, or suffer the consequences. "

"Tacky little platitudes seem to drip from you like sweat from a speelsnape's armpit!"

"It is the burden of being cast as a villain," the Valeyard remarked philosophically. "Somehow restrained dialogue seems to lack sufficient tone."

"The maybe you need a new role."

"I'm sure experience will provide the necessary fine tuning."

"Not if I have my way," snarled Glitz, advancing menacingly on the Doctor's dark-gowned future self. "As a rule, I'm usually too much of a coward to be violent... but for you I'm gonna make the exception!"

The Valeyard waved a finger at him. The motion was so casual he barely seemed bothered to make the effort, but the effects were instant. Glitz curled into a foetal ball, surrounded by a burning column of flame.

"Such futile gestures only induce excessive violence," said the Valeyard, raising his voice to make himself heard over the man's screams. With a wave of his hand, the flames disappeared.

"More illusion, Sabalom Glitz."

"I felt the pain and everything," Glitz whimpered, brushing at his clothes to smother the imaginary flames as he rose to

Circular Logic

The Doctor made his way carefully along the alleyway, checking each doorway one by one before moving on.

Empty. They were all empty, he thought, not seeing the hooded figure of a man emerge from the doorway he'd just checked. Coming up behind him, the monk extended a gnarled, deformed hand and prodded the Doctor in the back.

"Looking for something, sir?" said Mr Popplewick as the Doctor turned to face him.

"Mr Popplewick?"

"Popplewick, actually, sir," the man corrected, throwing back his cowl and stripping the grotesque coverings from his hands.

"Do you get extra for dressing up, or is it some sort of fetish?", the Doctor asked.

"I sense a certain hostility, sir."

The Doctor had had enough. "You'll sense considerably more if you don't tell me where the Valeyard is," he said, seizing Popplewick's arm.

"Such aggression sir, and me just a humble messenger," the clerk sighed regretfully.

"Seedle warriors used to kill messengers who brought bad news."

"Always an unruly lot, sir," Popplewick agreed, ingratiatingly. "But fortunately the message I bring will placate and soothe sir. Mr Chambers has granted you an appointment."

"The Valeyard?"

"The very one, sir."

"Then lead on," the Doctor said, releasing his prey.

"First we must collect a friend of your, sir."

"Sabalom Glitz?"

"No, sir. He's already with Mr Chambers, sir."

"Will you stop calling me 'sir'," the Doctor snapped.

"Of course, sir." Popplewick replied, predictably. "No, sir, the young person concerned is a Miss Melanie Bush, sir."

"She's here?"

"Followed you into the matrix, sir. Such a foolish thing to do."

"Indeed. Where is she?"

"Through there, sir," Popplewick said, indicating a door.

"After you," said the Doctor, pausing on the threshold.

"You lack trust, sir," Popplewick smiled, opening the door and stepping through.. "This is no trick. Follow me, sir."

The corridor behind the doorway was dark, circular, and already seemed to have stretched forever. "Not much further, sir," Popplewick insisted with a reassuring air.

"What a depressing place," remarked the Doctor, gazing at the dank dripping walls — what he could see of them.

"You'll find that it grows on you, sir."

I don't plan on staying long enough to find out, thought the Doctor, pausing as a voice echoed along the tunnel. "Doctor!"

"Melanie?" Hearing rapid echoing footsteps, the Doctor knew he was right. "Melanie," he called.

"Help me, Doctor! Help me!"

Strictly speaking, the Doctor had only known Melanie for the few minutes she'd been in the Trial Room. But long hours spent inspecting his future through the matrix had made him feel as if he'd known her for years, and that was good enough. That last appeal was enough to make him cast caution to the winds, and he strode into the darkness, leaving Popplewick behind, only to collide with a red-headed version of Speedy Gonzales. Given his weight and her irrepressible energy, the collision was as close as reality would ever come to the immovable mass meeting the unstoppable force.

As they stumbled to their feet and looked around, he asked what she'd been running from.

"Well, nothing really. It's just that I've been going round in circles since I got here, and I thought I'd never find you..."

"Well, I've found you now, and I'm overdue for a meeting with the Valeyard, so we'll just...'

He glanced back at the way he'd come, and paused. "Mel, where's the entrance?"

"I don't know."

"Really Melanie. For a computer programmer you show a remarkable lack of logic. If you've been going round in circles, you must have passed the entrance several times by now."

"I didn't though."

The Doctor was starting to get exasperated by now. "Therefore you can't have been progressing in an orbital way."

"Oh no?"

"Well, if you think you were — explain."

"I don't know."

"If you don't know, how can you know you've been cruising in a cyclical manner."

"Because I've passed that three times now," she said, pointing out a jagged scar in the wall.

"Then you should have passed the entrance, yes?" insisted the Doctor with pained logic.

"No."

"No?" he bellowed.

"No!" she shouted back.

"I don't understand," said the Doctor, carefully restraining himself. "Why are you saying no?"

"I don't know!"

"You don't know why you're saying 'no'?"

"No! I mean yes, I do know why I'm saying 'no'. I'm saying 'no' because I don't know why I've passed the markings three times, and yet haven't passed the entrance!"

"We're getting very long winded," the Doctor said, taking a deep breath.

"I know. Positively orbital."

"Still, that doesn't explain how you managed to pass the entrance without seeing it."

"I can only assume it's been moved"

"As in transportation."

"No — hidden — disguised."

"Would seem rather pointless," the Doctor mused.

"Not unless someone wants us to think we're not orbiting this circulation of a circumference in a peripatetic mode."

"That was quite a mouthful," he goggled, taken aback at her loquacious adumbration to the conversation.

"What's happening?" Melanie asked.

"It's as though we're becoming obsessed by circumambulation. Added to which a degree of circumloquacious circumvolution has edged into our vocabulary." This was ridiculous — he was beginning to sound as if he'd swallowed a thesaurus. The same one which was lodged in the larynx of that pretentious prosecutor...

"Not to mention circular tautology."

"What a terrible thought, trapped like mice in an exercise wheel — doomed to run around and around and around and get nowhere."

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know. It's as though we're being conditioned to accept, in every respect, the world of the circle."

"The most complete shape contained in a single line."

"Also the perfect trap."

"No beginning. No end. Complete in itself... let's go round one more time."

"There's no point," the Doctor insisted.

"Don't you want to escape?"

"Of course. But rushing around in circles isn't going to get us anywhere," the Doctor replied, noticing a mechanical tone in Melanie's generally animated voice.

"I don't understand."

"I do," he said, more to the air than her.

"Come on Doctor," Mel urged, skipping off like a perfectly tuned mechanical doll.

"You go on. I want to think." Her footsteps echoed into the distance, as regular as a metronome, until...

"Help me, Doctor! We must get away. There's something dreadful down here..."

The pleading voice died away as the Doctor ignored it.

"I think this is where I came in."

"Dear oh me, sir, you're proving far too clever for us..." admitted Mr Popplewick, looming up from nowhere. "This way, sir."

The pair stepped from dense, choking fog into the alleyway, Popplewick adding "You'd better wait here, sir. I should think Mr Chambers will want to have a word with you."

"You're not by any chance that particular gentleman?" the Doctor asked.

"Me sir? Oh no, sir."

"Are you sure?" the Doctor said, grabbing the clerk's robe. It came away in his hand, leaving him holding an empty garment as Popplewick's fading voice echoed cross the alley.

"I told you, sir — I'm just a humble servant... an illusion created by the man you seek."

The Doctor was alone, with no idea what to do next.

On the screen of his TARDIS, the Valeyard watched his earlier self pace up and down the alley, as if he could force it to give up

The Final Conflict

The Doctor faces his worst enemy in the original conclusion to *The Trial of a Time Lord*

Original Script (c) Eric Saward, 1986

its secrets by wearing away the cobbles. The Valeyard was equally frustrated, as his efforts to secure the situation were getting nowhere.

"So much for mind control," quipped Glitz, unhelpfully

"Be silent!" snapped the Valeyard. "Someone must have helped him."

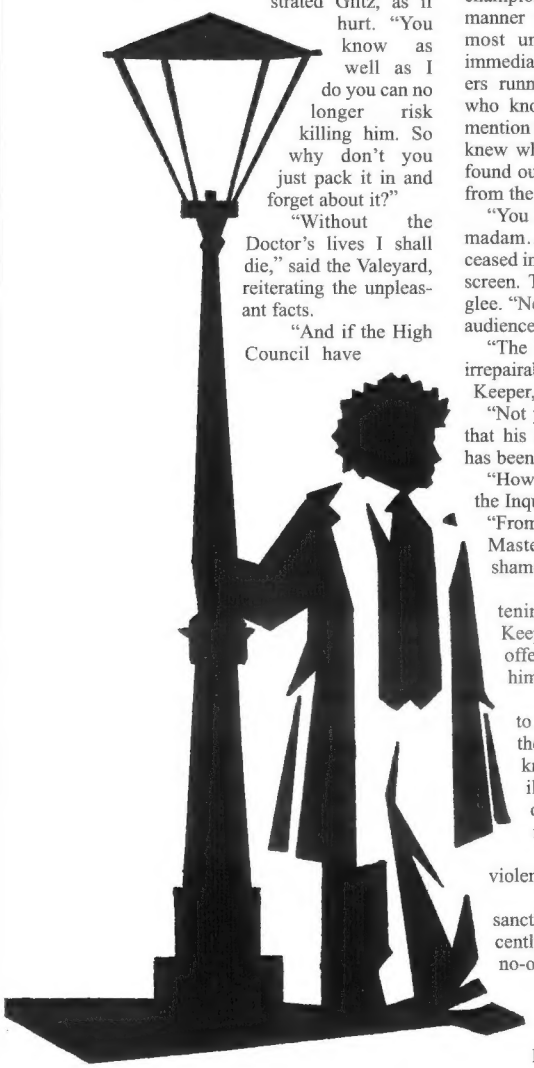
"Didn't look like it to me," commented Glitz, with all the innocence of a cockney sparrer flogging knock-offs from a suitcase in the market.

"There is a conspiracy somewhere!" insisted the Valeyard, manipulating the console furiously.

"I used to think like that until I discovered my various failures had a lot to do with my own incompetence."

"I said be silent!" bellowed the Valeyard, viciously.

"Shouting at me won't help," remonstrated Glitz, as if hurt. "You know as well as I do you can no longer risk killing him. So why don't you just pack it in and forget about it?"



"Without the Doctor's lives I shall die," said the Valeyard, reiterating the unpleasant facts.

"And if the High Council have reneged on that deal you're gonna do that anyway."

There was no avoiding it, the Valeyard thought. "There is still a chance." He still had an ace up his sleeve.

"Oh, yeah?" Glitz sneered, sceptically

"Do you know what a Time Vent is?" the Valeyard asked.

"No…" Glitz admitted, already certain that he didn't want to know. "But I've got a horrible feeling you're gonna tell me…"

In the first moments of the universe, there had been myriad possibilities. Thirty-seven different dimensions, with a physics more complex than anything known in current reality.. but most of these dimensions had collapsed. Time and Space survived, while others had left only loops through which the fundamental forces acted.

And the rest had simply collapsed without trace — but there where still links to these still-born universes. Time vents to microcosms where the Laws of Time and Physics were so different that life-forms who'd evolved in this one couldn't hope to survive. No-one knew how it had been happened, who who had done it, but the time vents had been mapped and sealed, and the Time Lords kept them secure within the matrix, safe from dangerous hands...

"What is going on?" demanded the Inquisitor.

"Please, madam. We must maintain a certain decorum and dignity," urged the Keeper.

"Blast decorum and dignity!" the regal champion of Gallifreyan law yelled, in a manner which would have scared the most unapologetic defendant into an immediate confession. "We have intruders running around the matrix causing who knows how much havoc." Not to mention revolution on Gallifrey, and who knew what else still to come? She soon found out, as the Master's voice boomed from the great screen.

"You have a right to be concerned, madam…" The hubbub in the court ceased instantly as every eye turned to the screen. The Master preened with catlike glee. "Never have I had such an attentive audience."

"The Valeyard hasn't done anything irrepairable to the matrix?" asked the Keeper, concerned for his charge.

"Not yet. But then he has yet to learn that his contract with the High Council has been revoked."

"How did you hear that?" demanded the Inquisitor.

"From the same source as you," the Master replied without a hint of shame.

"I say, it's a bit unethical listening to another…" fussed the Keeper, before lapsing into equally offended silence as the Inquisitor cut him off.

"Be quiet, Keeper." Turning to the Master, she reminded him of the legal position. "You will also know that the contract was highly illegal. It should never have been drawn up, let alone lodged in the matrix."

"You will find the Valeyard in violent disagreement with you."

"The Laws of Time are sacrosanct," insisted the Keeper, complacently. "Exceptions can be made for no-one."

"Platitudes are a poor substitute for argument, my dear Keeper, especially when the person they are aimed at has the power to destroy the universe."

"He isn't capable!" insisted the Inquisitor, knowing things were about to get worse. Again. This was supposed to be an open-and-shut case...

"Oh, but he is. Somehow the Valeyard has managed to secrete his TARDIS in the matrix."

The Keeper couldn't take much more of this. "Is there no end to the man's blasphemy!"

"It appears not, my dear Keeper," smiled the Master, as if reassuring a spoilt child, "as he has also materialised around a time vent."

Melanie aside, that drew a shocked reaction from the entire court.

"He wouldn't dare open it…" stammered the Keeper, knowing he was wrong as he said it. "Would he?"

"It's the only reason he would park in such a dangerous place," said the Master, applying simple logic.

"What's he talking about?" interrupted Melanie, damned if she was going to be left in ignorance. The Inquisitor dismissed her with a curt "Not now, child," but the computer programmer pressed on. "Please! The Doctor's in the matrix. I would like to know the danger he's in."

"The same danger as us all," muttered the Inquisitor in pessimistic resignation. The Keeper was more forthcoming as he thought through the temporal physics involved.

"If the Valeyard opens the vent, an erratic surge of time will enter our stabilised continuum. The effect will be devastating — like mixing matter and anti-matter."

"I assume the Valeyard's demands are as before?" the Inquisitor asked the Master.

"I should think so."

"Then he must have the Doctor's lives!", declared the Keeper, brushing aside Melanie's shout of protest. "I have calculated that if the vent were open for more than seventy-two seconds, our time continuum would be irrevocably damaged."

"You can't sacrifice the Doctor!"

"Neither can we allow the Valeyard to destroy the universe."

"But if you give into his blackmail now, he will return with even more outrageous demands."

"You have a point," the Inquisitor conceded, before adding, "but one we may have to live with… Unless we can destroy the Valeyard in his TARDIS?"

The Keeper shook his head. "Not without the risk of accidentally opening the vent."

"Neither could you send troops — assuming you have any," added the Master, dismissing the handful of guards on the doors with a shrug.

"Then we have no other choice — we must buy time by placating him," decided the Inquisitor.

The Keeper had another idea. "Correction, madam Inquisitor. The immediate death of the Doctor would also destroy the Valeyard."

"No!" Melanie insisted. The Inquisitor was more worried by practical concerns. "It would also cause a great deal of time disturbance."

"No more than fulfilling the High Council's original agreement," the Keeper shrugged. "Surely it is better to experience a small hiccup in time than suffer another renegade Time Lord causing havoc?"

"Perhaps… but to want the Doctor's death is one thing — to achieve it is another."

"Perhaps the Master would like to offer a suggestion…" the Keeper said, turning to the screen as the renegade let loose a long, joyous laugh. At last, he had the Time Lords where he'd always wanted them — on their knees, at his feet.

At the Reichenbach

"Look, you're taking this villain stuff much too far," commented Glitz, watching in concern as the Valeyard flicked a long series of controls on his console. "You don't wanna go round opening time vents."

"Are you afraid of death?", asked the Valeyard, looking up from his work.

"Of course I am!"

"Then you know how I feel."

"But what you're proposing's too extreme!", insisted Glitz, wondering when he'd developed this sense of conscience and civic duty. "It isn't right that you should knock off everyone else just because you've got the hump about dying."

"When I have the power, the right to use it becomes a redundant issue."

"Look, negotiate with the Time Lords," Glitz pleaded. "Tell 'em what you've got in mind."

"They will already know."

"At least check! You can't know for certain."

"I do," said the Valeyard, tapping into the Master's communications with the court and flicking them onto the screen. "Because that's who told them." he stabbed at a large, ominous button on the console, and reached for the switch above it, pausing expectantly.

"You don't wanna do anything silly."

"Explosive bolts primed." The Valeyard had bought the bolts as NASA surplus after Apollo got cancelled — there was something very reassuring about classic technology.

"No!" Glitz shouted, still too afraid of the fire to move as the Valeyard flicked the switch, and the ring of heavy duty fixings holding the hatch secure blew in sequence. The Valeyard stepped over to the massive door and touched it lovingly.

"All that is necessary now is for me to ease the door open."

At the gateway to the Fantasy Factory, the Doctor paused, testing the door. Finding it locked he reached into his pocket, retrieving an ancient Swiss Army knife, and after a moment's thought selected the blade for removing stones from horses' hooves. Slipping it into the lock, he reflected that it was good to have finally found a use for it, and tried to get a feel for the tumblers, ignoring the harsh, worrying sounds echoing through the air. Then he tensed as something pressed against his neck, and looked up to see the Master standing above him.

"The Inquisitor and Keeper want you dead."

"Why not oblige and become a local hero?"

The Master shook his head. "It would spoil my anti-establishment image."

There was something odd about the gunbarrel pressing into his flesh, the Doctor realised. Pulling back a little, he saw it was nothing more than the villain's fore-fingers, formed into gun like a child playing cowboys and indians in the schoolyard.

The Master smiled as the Doctor stood up. "Anyway, I'm not sure their plan would work."

"Destroying me to get at the Valeyard?"

"That's right. Only I think he would sense your death before the terminal effect reached him."

"I'm delighted by your concern," the Doctor muttered sarcastically.

"Only because your naughty future self has control of a time vent. Such impetuosity, my dear Doctor."

"Which I must put to an end," the Doctor realised. At any price.

"I think you'll find that is easier said than done."

"Not if I offer him what he wants."

"I somehow knew you'd be sentimental enough to say that," the Master smiled, full of mixed feelings at the end.

"Makes a change for you to be right… as a matter of interest, what did the Inquisitor offer you for my death?"

"That my past misdemeanours would be forgotten." The Master shrugged dismissively.

"That was a bit of an insult."

"Precisely what I thought, especially as I'm rather proud of them." He paused for a second, as his hand faded away. "Oh dear, running out of power." So this was goodbye, then. "Good luck in your struggle with the Valeyard… I fear you'll need it."

The Doctor found himself alone again, knowing he had no time to lose. "Good luck! Makes me wonder if I'm doing the right thing…" Throwing caution to the wind, he called out. "Valeyard! I know you can hear me."

On the Valeyard's screen the static created by the Master's presence cleared, and the Doctor's face came into focus. "I want to make a deal with you."

"Go on, answer him!" demanded Glitz, as the Valeyard stood silent by the vent.

"The Master's told me you control a time vent."

"So?" replied the Valeyard, striding across to the console.

"You don't really want to open it, not when you've won… my remaining lives."

"The Time Lords will never permit it."

"I hear they're only too eager…" Waiting in the alley, the Doctor pushed against the doorway. "Come on, let me in so that we can talk properly."

The doorway to the Fantasy Factory creaked slowly open and the Doctor stepped through.

"We may yet win," the Master announced breathlessly to the court, flicking into vision on the giant screen. "The Valeyard has allowed the Doctor to enter his TARDIS."

"Is it possible for the same body to exist in close proximity with itself?" asked the Inquisitor, turning to the Keeper in concern.

"The matrix, like the trial room, is outside of time," he replied, reminding her that the pair had faced each over across the court without problems.

Melanie had other concerns. "Is the Doctor all right?"

"For the time being," the Master reassured her.

"Would it be possible to see him?"

"Precisely what I had intended," he replied, fading from the screen to show the Doctor stepping across the threshold of the Valeyard's TARDIS — his own TARDIS.

"Doctor!" Mel cried.

"He won't be able to hear you, child," explained the Inquisitor, her eyes glued to the screen.

They faced each other across the console room, the Doctor stepping to the controls of his ship, the Valeyard waiting by the entrance to the time vent. Noticing the scraps of metal littering the floor, the Doctor observed "I see you've already blown the bolts."

"I am not bluffing about the time vent."

"Then go ahead," said the Doctor, calling him out.

"Do you think it wise to provoke psychotic sociopaths to extremes of violence?" asked Glitz in despair.

"You overestimate him," declared the Doctor, his voice full of scorn. "He's just a pathetic old man frightened of dying."

"You lied! You never intended to surrender your lives," the Valeyard realised.

"That's right."

"What are you saying!" asked Glitz, as shocked as the Valeyard.

The Doctor ignored him, staring into the eyes of his own destiny, his own worst fears. "However did I develop into such a pathetic individual?" It wasn't the evil... it was the weakness, the cowardice... the small-minded selfishness which shocked him. "You've allowed the High Council, of all people, to manipulate you from beginning to end. You even connived in their pathetic attempt to cover up the near destruction of Earth — supposedly your favourite planet. You've destroyed the credibility of the matrix, along with what was left of the Time Lords' reputation. And for what? So that you may extend your miserable life!" As he spoke, he strode relentlessly towards the Valeyard.

"Keep back!"

"You don't deserve to live," said the Doctor, declaring sentence on his prosecutor. But he was too late.

"He's mad! What is he trying to do?" the Keeper wailed as the Valeyard reached for a lever, and the vent flew open, unleashing blinding white light into the control room. The howl of primeval forces unknown since the birth of creation flooded from the vent, engulfing the console room and flooding the court as Glitz cowered in the corner, watching the Doctor struggle towards the Valeyard. The Time Lord locked his arms round his nemesis, reaching to close the doorway even as they struggled on the very edge of the vent.

And then, as Melanie watched, they pitched over the edge. "No!"

Alone in the chaos as the TARDIS struggled to maintain its form against the forces tearing it apart, Glitz thought he heard the Master's voice.

"Glitz! Responding slowly, the thief turned his bemused gaze away from the vent to the screen, focusing on his partner's bearded features. "There is very little time. You must close the vent door."

Somehow, Glitz dragged himself across the room. Somehow, he resisted the forces pulling at him, dragging him into the vent... and somehow, he pushed the doorway closed, sealing the vent. Gasping in relief, he then realised that the room around him was continuing to distort as the wounded TARDIS entered her death throes.

"What's happening?"

"The time spillage. You must get out at once!", urged the Master.

"But I'll get lost in the matrix."

"I'll guide you. Now hurry!" Glitz turned and ran as the TARDIS collapsed around him.

For others, the danger was already over, and the complacent calm appropriate to a senior Time Lord had begun to reassert itself. "He only just closed that door in time," commented the Keeper, as if it were a matter of mere academic concern. "A few more seconds and — well, I dread to think about it."

"The matrix must be made secure,"

ordered the Inquisitor. "We cannot risk another such occurrence." Perhaps they could even trap the Master within the matrix if they moved fast enough, she thought.

It was already too late for that, though. The Master and Glitz emerged from the hidden Seventh Door, gasping for breath, and both men collapsed exhausted on the temporal transit caskets lying in the atrium.

"It's time for me to retire," muttered Glitz. For a small time conman, saving the universe once was more than enough.

"You've hardly begun," said the Master, a gleam of energy starting to burn in his eyes. "With the Doctor out of the way — the universe is ours."

Glitz wanted none of it. These Time Lords, with their duplicitous scheming ways, and changeable, multi-sided natures, were simply too much for him. If an obvious mark like the Doctor could become the Valeyard, he'd sooner stick with ordinary decent criminals — or even prison pyschiatrists. "I'll tell you what… you can have my half as well."

"Thank you," laughed the Master. "I accept!"

"Good — 'cause all I wanna do is go home." Stepping into the casket, Glitz closed the lid above himself, hoping against hope that it would blot out the horrible sound of the Master's ringing, gloating laughter.

Melanie felt much the same way. Sobbing in the corner, she knew she had nothing in common with the Time Lords who were discreetly celebrating their narrow escape. Approaching the Inquisitor, she managed to say "I would like to be returned to my own time and planet,"

"Of course, child." It was the proper way to deal with the Doctor's reckless abduction of the girl in any case. But the Inquisitor realised Melanie wanted more.

"I will miss the Doctor very much."

Yes, that was it, wasn't it? Sentiment. A very human quality. "We all will," she said, nudging the Keeper. "Won't we Keeper?"

"What?" he started. "Oh, yes, of course."

"Will you ever be able to retrieve his body?" Melanie asked.

"Shouldn't think so," sad the Keeper off-handedly. "Can't risk re-opening the vent. If they want to get out, it'll have to be through their own ingenuity."

Melanie fought for breath, seeing hope escape from the jaws of despair. "I beg your pardon… the Doctor is still alive?"

"Of course, child, they both are," said the Inquisitor, realising she'd forgotten the girl's primitive origins.

"I didn't know."

"Mind you, getting out of that mess won't be easy," commented the Keeper, as if it were an academic problem.

"I'm sure the Doctor will succeed — he must!" Melanie was forthright in her certainty.

"If he doesn't" explained the Keeper, "the vent will remain his prison for eternity!"